The Poetry of Frederick Morgan *Hayden Carruth*

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RUNNING AGAINST WASHINGTON

Jerry Ford at Bay
John Osborne

Jerry Brown to the Rescue?
Ken Bode

Badmouthing the Bureaucracy
Robert Samuelson

Nathan Lewin on Privacy
Germaine Brée on Sartre's Essays
James Olney on Carl Jung

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TRB

from Washington ®
May 15, 1976

Presidential Caliber

Chapter VIII of Lord Bryce's classic *The American Commonwealth* has the arresting title, "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen President." It is pertinent today when the 1976 crop of presidential candidates seems to have been winnowed down to Jerry Ford, Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. One is colorless, one a jingo, and one an enigma. Is the Lord Bryce rule still true?

The former British ambassador wrote under the depressing administration of Benjamin Harrison, following those earlier titans, Cleveland, Arthur (of whom it was said he didn't even have a last name), Garfield and Hayes. Let us not be too severe; how do they compare with our own successors of Washington and Lincoln—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon?

"Europeans often ask, and Americans do not always explain," wrote Lord Bryce in 1893, "how it happens that this great office, the greatest in the world, unless we except the Papacy, to which anyone can rise by his own merits, is not more frequently filled by great and striking men."

He wrestles with the subject and decides a) that great men are "rare in politics"; b) that "the method of choice does not bring them to the top" and c) that great men "in quiet times" are not "absolutely needed . . . the ordinary American voter does not object to mediocrity." Ergo, no great men.

Let us consider the three leading aspirants. Mr. Ford's 24-year record in the House is one of undeviating conservatism broken by one wild initiative, the unsuccessful effort to impeach Justice Douglas. He is an attractive and decent man. Nothing better illustrates his failure to dominate the role of incumbent than the challenge of Ronald Reagan, whose success surprised many, including this fallible reporter. His chances of knocking off the President in the Kansas City convention can no longer be dismissed.

Mr. Ford meanwhile moves about the primary states attracting crowds who sometimes drift away during the speech. He has all but abandoned the formal White House press conference at which his views could be exposed to the country by questions from national reporters. He prefers local exposure, getting one question at Lubbock, Texas, on what brand of skis he used, and another at the Indiana Broadcasters session where he was tossed a soft one—what would he do to halt bureaucracy "and its cancerous effect on the free enterprise system?" Franklin Roosevelt at this point in his first term of office had established rapport with the nation with two dozen Washington press conferences; Mr. Ford has held one this year.

It seems rather unfair to criticize Mr. Ford when he is undergoing such difficulties of his own in the primaries but on many of the points in dispute he boasts of his position. He vetoed the day care bill for working mothers; he authorized cuts in food stamp programs that will eliminate half the working-poor families at a time of 7.5 percent national unemployment, and when a worker with three dependents getting $90 a week, for example, is only 24 cents better off (in inflated prices) than he was back in 1965.

Mr. Ford is the most conservative President since Coolidge. "I see no national health insurance program that can be implemented without expanding the bureaucracy unbelievably," he told the Jaycees at their Special Happy Birthday USA Celebration at Abilene the other day. Crime: "I am unalterably opposed to the registration of gun owners and the registration of guns," he said definitively (Jimmy Carter favors registration).

The second presidential candidate of 1976 that Lord Bryce might consider in his estimate of greatness is Ronald Reagan. After he was laughed out of his proposal to transfer $90 billion of federal social programs to the states ("the poor can emigrate," he explained at Dublin, N.H., Jan. 16) he made an extraordinary political recovery and developed his Inadequate Defense scare. It is having a marked effect on the nation largely, I think, because Mr. Ford can't handle it. Mr. Ford deplores, but yields ground to, the nationalistic, chauvinistic, jingoistic, flag-waving drive for bigger armaments which (if you will pardon us) is going great guns. Mr. Ford has dropped "détente," he has dropped his statement that the navy is adequate and he is asking for more ships. He wants a $113 billion defense budget, up $14 billion from last year, and the election-minded Democratic Congress may add to that.

President Ford, we think, is everlastingly right about the Panama Canal treaty, and even Sen. Goldwater takes issue with Reagan. But the feisty ex-governor of California apparently wants a Vietnam-type guerrilla war there, with every country in Latin America against us and the probable crippling of the Canal locks which are vulnerable to a hand grenade and whose lakes take two years to fill. "Personally," says Reagan, "I would tell this jerk, this tinhorn dictator friend of Fidel Castro's, that we bought it, we paid for it, and we are going to keep it!" That's the stuff that electrified the dispirited voters of Texas after Vietnam and Agnew and Watergate, and all those bureaucrats in Washington trying to give day care to mothers and food stamps to the working poor. There's a grim mean spirit smoldering just under the surface in elements of America today and, with George Wallace out, Ronald Reagan has latched on to it.

So that leaves one other of the three candidates for Bryce to look over, Jimmy Carter. He has come a long way fast from the article in *Harper's* magazine, "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies" of March 1976, to probable nomination. We know so little about him we don't even know his name, James Earl Carter, Jr. Under this showy godliness could he work with Congress—compromise, conciliate?

Lord Bryce gave us high marks in 1893. "The American people have a practical aptitude for politics, a clearness of vision and capacity for self-control never equalled by any other nation." We hope so even as we watch voters of one party crossing over in state primaries to dictate the presidential choices of the rival party! "Such a people," His Lordship said, "can work any Constitution. The danger for them is that this reliance on their skill and their star may make them heedless of the faults of their political machinery, slow to devise improvements which are best applied in quiet times."

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Contents

3 Comment
Awash with Oil
Poor Politicians

5 White House Watch:
Ford at Bay—*John Osborne*

7 Jerry Brown to the Rescue?—
Ken Bode

10 Good-for-Nothing Government—
Robert Samuelson

15 What's Happened to the Right
of Privacy—*Nathan Lewin*

18 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*

19 Poetry—*Frederick Morgan*

23 Frederick Morgan: An Appreciation—
Hayden Carruth

25 Books—Reviews by *Germaine Brée, Enoch Brater, James Olney*

30 Correspondence

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Awash With Oil

When Congress got interested in Alaskan oil several years ago, it was told that getting the oil to the West Coast was a matter of great national urgency. Oil executives, State and Interior Department officials and roving experts in the Nixon administration swore that the government had to help the industry rush the Alaskan project to completion so that the oil could be fed to fuel-hungry California. Environmental groups were told that their worries about the pipeline would have to take second place to the national interest. Both environmentalists and Midwestern politicians argued that a trans-Canadian pipeline made more sense than a trans-Alaskan line. A Canadian pipe, they said, would avoid an area of high earthquake risk in Alaska, reduce the likelihood of oil spills by eliminating the need for tankers and, most important, deliver the oil directly to the part of the country that needed it most—the upper Midwest. But the companies had other plans. The Alaskan route had already been mapped out and approved. The financing was set. The companies were annoyed that their plans were being held up in tedious public review at the last moment. As happens often in confrontations like this, the companies invoked national security and had their way.

It's not clear who first sounded the patriotic theme of US strategic interests, but one of the earliest spokesmen was Assistant Secretary of State John Irwin, II, who also helped inspire OPEC to its most avaricious behavior. Coming from him, the argument carried some weight. Irwin told the congressional Joint Economic Committee in 1972 that "the Department of State believes it is most important to bring the oil from the North Slope of Alaska to market as soon as possible," and that the Alaskan route was the only acceptable one. Planning and building the Canadian line would take too long, and the West Coast needed the oil right away. The companies made the same argument. H.G. Gallagher of BP Alaska told the committee that "our decision to ship our oil to the West Coast was not lightly or quickly taken. It was made over three years ago. Three years of review, events and further study confirm us in our conviction that our decision was the right one. . . . The West Coast is crude [oil] short now; it will be extraordinarily crude short in the late 1980s and 1990s." Another executive wrote: "I can categorically state that we have every intention of using our full share of the total Alaskan oil on the US West Coast. . . . It is clear from our estimates and those of the Department of Interior that it is needed on the West Coast."

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Every company likes to believe, and to foster the notion, that its interests are congruent with the nation's. But few are as lucky as the oil industry in having the national interest coincide so regularly with their own, whatever their interests may be, however they may change over time. In 1972 the clinching argument for the Alaskan pipeline came from the President's own National Security Council. Gen. George Lincoln, then director of the Office of Emergency Preparedness and chief of the government's oil strategy planners, reported these findings on the pipeline question: "A trans-Alaska pipeline could deliver oil to the West Coast by 1975, and full capacity by 1982; the West Coast markets will be able to absorb that oil. It is in the national interest to reduce our total dependence on insecure imports as much as possible in the critical years after 1975; this interest outweighs any consideration of distribution of that oil among regions." This argument was repeated, with more vehemence, in 1973 when Congress considered and then passed a bill allowing the companies to go ahead with the pipeline.

Soon these predictions and promises will be put to the test. In 1977 the Alaskan oil will begin flowing through the pipe from the North Slope to the Alaskan port of Valdez. From there it will be loaded into tankers and shipped . . . where? Suddenly the government's oil planners are awakening to the fact that there will be a surplus of oil on the West Coast, and that there will be no place to put the new Alaskan deliveries. Several private studies, including one written by the Rand Corporation for the State of California, predict that the West will be glutted with oil by the end of the decade. Rand said that the amount of the surplus by 1980 will equal and then exceed the amount of oil that might have been shipped through a Canadian pipeline to the Midwest. Rand concluded: "Given the pending changes in the distribution of domestic oil production, a West-East pipeline appears to be in the national interest." That report, dated December 1975, signalled a shift in the winds: now the national interest requires oil in the East, not the West. And now the watchdogs of the public interest have sniffed the new scent. Strategists in the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) and the high-level Energy Resources Committee, chaired by Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson, are looking into the matter. Since early spring they have been checking into several alternatives for shipping the oil out of California to the East.

John Freeman, an assistant administrator at the FEA and coordinator of this transport study, refuses to predict how great the surplus will be, or even whether there will be one. His study group must finish its analysis before he will give an answer, and that may take until July. But Freeman concedes that the Energy Resources Council wouldn't be looking into the question unless there were a good chance that oil will have to be moved out of California beginning next year or the year after.

Three alternatives are being considered at the moment: a northern pipeline from Seattle across the Rockies (one hopes not through Yellowstone Park) to the Midwest, a southern pipeline from California to Texas and from there into the lines that feed the East, and finally, an ocean route using tankers to carry oil through the Panama Canal to ports in Texas and Louisiana, or possibly the East Coast. The tanker system would be the most risky and wasteful; the California-Texas route would be the most efficient, because a pipeline is already in place most of the way. But no matter which of these is chosen, the oil will travel the long way round—the direct Canadian route having been rejected long ago. The one solution the companies insist they aren't considering is the sale of oil to Japan. They are forbidden by law from exporting this oil unless the President and Congress give them explicit permission to do so. But perceptions of the national interest do change. Perhaps in two or three years Project Independence will be replaced by Project Flexibility. Skeptics like Brock Evans of the Sierra Club flatly predict that the companies, despite protestations to the contrary, will find a way of shipping the Alaskan surplus to Japan.

One cannot help but think the companies intended to use this southern shipping route all along. Did they reject the Canadian line simply because it would have been less profitable? Freeman of the FEA doesn't think so. He believes the situation changed suddenly in the last three years in ways that not even Jeane Dixon could have predicted. Prices increased dramatically; demand slackened; the government agreed to release its California oil reserves and sell them on the Western market; new offshore drilling leases were let on the West Coast. All these changes, Freeman believes, are working to create an unexpected glut in California, unexpected by industry and by government. But we should remember that all these changes were avidly sought by the oil companies. And this is one industry, as the man from BP said, that doesn't make decisions lightly or quickly. In creating the oil glut, the companies did one of two things. Either they underestimated their own ability to win concessions from the government (for they won most of what they sought), or they misrepresented the true nature of the Western oil market.

If there is a lesson to be found in this, it is that the government must be more skeptical of corporate promises than it has been. Until recently American officials had no independent data and little expertise in energy matters, and thus no basis for questioning industry statements. They had no choice but to accept corporate plans and promises at face value and hope for the best. That's what happened in Alaska. And that explains why it has taken until 1976 for the government to realize that the real problem on the West Coast will not be a shortage, but a surplus of oil.

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Poor Politicians

On May 4, 45 days and 11 primaries after federal matching funds were frozen, the House and Senate ground out a compromise measure reconstituting the Federal Elections Commission and sent it for signing to President Ford. It arrived the day Ford was beaten by Ronald Reagan in three primaries—Georgia, Alabama and Indiana. No matter how quickly things move from this point on, matching funds will be unavailable before the last three primaries on June 8, which means that in 22 statewide contests this year the candidates will have had to do without their promised federal money. In the meantime, according to sworn affidavits filed by the candidates with the Supreme Court:

• Fred Harris has had his telephone services disconnected, the phone company explaining that it would allow him no grace period for payment "because no future (matching) payments were definitely scheduled." Harris dropped out of the race, and now testifies to his financial inability to communicate with the delegates pledged to him or to meet the Democratic National Committee's demands for deposits to cover hotels and telephones in New York City. Harris is owed nearly a hundred thousand dollars in matching money.

• Morris Udall claims that the cessation of matching-fund payments diminished the operating cash flow of his campaign by 40 to 50 percent. That caused him to cancel telephone banks in Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Philadelphia and to cut his advertising budget in half in the critical Pennsylvania primary. Udall has more than $300,000 pending from the FEC.

• Henry Jackson said on April 21: "In the event no further payments are made from the matching payment account, the Jackson for President Committee will be left with a substantial indebtedness and my ability to wage an active campaign will be seriously impaired." Nine days later, with more than a quarter of a million dollars pending but frozen, Jackson terminated his active candidacy, pleading poverty.

• Ronald Reagan, with nearly half a million dollars approved and about a million and a half bucks more pending certification, claimed to be unable to purchase adequate TV time in Texas and Wisconsin, and to sign contracts with the Republican National Convention. Reagan curtailed use of his campaign plane, limited his mailings and despaired of his inability to make firm budgeting plans for the future.

Congress recognized that private contributions, limited by the $1000 ceiling, would not be enough to bankroll the sort of public debate desirable in a presidential election. That's why matching funds were conceived. To comply with the law, each campaign has had to adopt complicated accounting and documentation procedures. The Reagan campaign, for example, spent about $75,000 for photocopying facilities and computer work to document its receipts for the FEC. But for the promise of matching funds the costly procedures would have been unnecessary. "This money," said Reagan, "cannot be unspent."

The Supreme Court upheld the legality of matching funds but froze their distribution until the Federal Elections Commission (which acts as disbursement agent) could be reorganized as a constitutional body. Then it refused to entertain appeals that funds duly authorized and owed to the campaigns be paid them under court order. Congress, which passed the original bill nearly two years ago, virtually nullified it by undertaking unnecessarily a wholesale rewrite of the measure—rather than tending to the technical detail of simply restructuring the commission. The result has been partisan maneuvering for future advantage. The President—whose campaign until recently was the only one boasting solvency—allowed his threatened veto to hang over the outcome for the entire period, thereby making it impossible for the other candidates in both parties to obtain loans secured against the certified amounts of matching funds due them. Pointing to his own healthy bank balance while his opponent, Ronald Reagan, was around one million dollars in debt, the President commented imperiously that the other campaigns were merely guilty of financial mismanagement. Not in some time has an American politician sounded quite so much like Marie Antoinette.

Now that both houses have passed a new bill, by votes exceeding the margins needed to override a veto, and now that the Ford campaign has been shaken by primary losses and bedraggled by its own newfound shortages of money, the President will presumably overcome the reservations he has and sign the bill. The funding story is one more graphic example of how the public interest fares in the nation's capital.

It's no surprise that anti-Washington rhetoric goes over so well these days.

White House Watch

Ford at Bay

During the two days between his primary disasters in Texas and Indiana, the President considered and discussed the possibility that he was doing something wrong and decided that he hadn't been making any mistakes that were important enough to require major changes in his way of campaigning for the Republican nomination. The controlling assumption in his discussions of the problem—principally with two White House assistants, Richard Cheney and John Marsh, and with the chairman of the Ford campaign committee,

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Rogers Morton—was that the only substantial change open to the President was to get even tougher and more emphatic than he recently had been in asserting his conservative views on such issues as defense, federal spending and economic policy. The notion that he might do better in the long run by turning in the opposite direction, toward the moderated stance that he must eventually take if he is to have a chance of winning the November election, was not seriously considered. Mr. Ford's basic conclusion, urged upon him by Cheney among others, was that he should not put himself in the position of catering openly to the Wallace Democrats whose cross-over votes for Ronald Reagan made the crucial difference in Texas and Indiana and worsened the anticipated defeats in Georgia and Alabama. The President agreed with Morton that some cosmetic changes—shorter speeches, shorter answers at public quiz sessions, more rallies and fewer lectures and seminars on such numbing subjects as revenue sharing and farm policy—were indicated. Mr. Ford, looking grim and determined in a brief appearance at the White House, said he'd try to emphasize what he considers to be his positive successes in foreign affairs, economic recovery and the restoration of trust in government. In general, however, the decision was to plod along pretty much as he had been doing and, in essence, to rely upon the conviction that the Republican convention cannot and will not be suicidal enough to nominate Ronald Reagan.

Maybe it won't. This reporter is among those who assume and hope that the convention won't be that nutty. A Harris poll indicating that at this writing Jimmy Carter, the probable Democratic nominee, would defeat Ronald Reagan by 53 percent to 34 percent of the popular vote raises a valid question as to what Reagan thinks he's doing. A *Time* poll gives Ford only 38 percent to Carter's 48 percent, but there is a significant difference. Harris concludes, as *Time* does not about Ford, that Reagan appeals to such a narrow segment of the electorate that he would be a certain loser to Carter. Influential supporters of Ford, including some who counsel him occasionally, realized after the Texas and Indiana primaries that Reagan may deny Ford a first-ballot nomination and may even have a chance—incredible to these people before Texas and Indiana—to win the nomination. And to what end? There is only one sane answer: to the end of sure and cataclysmic defeat.

At the very least, Reagan, by pressing his contest and subjecting an incumbent President to humiliating pressure and peril, cripples a presidency that has been impaired from the start by the circumstance of appointment—and Nixon appointment at that—rather than election. A minor consequence of Reagan's emergence as a substantial threat was the death of the illusion that Gerald Ford had overcome the effects of appointment and established himself in the public mind as a viable President with the advantages and strengths of incumbency. Granting the power of Reagan's appeal, the appeal that George Wallace once projected and monopolized, to the biases of a minority that is measured with fair accuracy by Reagan's 34 percent in the Harris poll, Mr. Ford could not be in the danger that he clearly was in after Texas and Indiana if his presidency had won the clout and acceptance that he and his people thought it had. Granting, too, that Reagan now has reason to think he has a chance to win the nomination, can he possibly believe that he has a chance to be elected? A wise Republican whose service to Republican Presidents and candidates dates back to Eisenhower recalled in answer to this question that Barry Goldwater believed until the day of his abysmal defeat in 1964 that he was going to win.

"We're in a state of shock," one of the President's mid-level assistants remarked on the day after the Indiana, Alabama and Georgia losses. The talk at this White House level tended to be that judicious emphasis upon the Ford record in Congress and the presidency might—just might—enable Gerald Ford to defeat Jimmy Carter in a general election. But how, after five losses in Republican primaries, including three on one day, could Republicans be convinced that Ford was a more likely winner than Reagan? The best evidence was that the degree of shock and the intensity of this line of talk decreased as the inquirer went higher in the White House hierarchy. The Indiana post mortem was in process when this was written and what follows has to do only with the Texas aftermath. But the information then available provided an indication of the state of mind in and near the Oval Office.

It was freely acknowledged that the President and all of his advisers, including Cheney, Morton and Sen. John Tower of Texas, had drastically under-estimated the extent of the Wallace cross-over. In Lubbock, one of the cities the President visited on his final three-day effort in Texas, the customary vote in Republican primaries had been around 1700. On May 1st, more than 10,000 votes were cast in Lubbock's Republican primary. Mr. Ford got some 3700 of them. Republican poll-watchers in Lubbock and Dallas said they didn't recognize thousands of the people who turned up. White House inquirers were told that about 3000 of the Lubbock ballots were marked only for the presidential nominee; the voters didn't care about other Republican races and most of the 3000 voted for Reagan. The President and his people took comfort from the indications, before and after primary day, that he'd pretty well closed the early gap between him and Reagan among regular Republicans and possibly would have won by a small majority if only Republicans had voted in the primary. Mr. Ford and his associates simply could not believe that Reagan would win all the delegates in any other state, as he did in Texas. He proceeded to do precisely that in Georgia and took 45 of 54 delegates in Indiana.

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Finding comfort in the indications of retained or growing strength among regular Republicans required a lot of optimism. In Indiana, cross-over Democrats gave Reagan a popular majority of some 17,000 in more than 600,000 votes, with a national effect in his favor that was far out of proportion to the margin. In eight more states where Democrats and independents may vote in the Republican primaries, a total of 378 delegates and convention votes are at stake. If the Texas-Indiana pattern holds, Reagan will win most of those delegates and the momentum that only a series of popular majorities can generate.

The Ford optimists are probably correct, however, in their surviving belief that Reagan at his strongest can do no more and no better than deny the President a first-ballot nomination. With all 378 of the cross-over state delegates, the 366 sure convention votes that he appeared to have after his Indiana, Alabama and Georgia victories, and the maximum additional number that he seems likely to pick up in other primaries and in caucuses, he would still be short of the 1130 convention votes required to nominate. The hitch from Gerald Ford's standpoint is that he, too, is unlikely to go into the convention with an assured, first-ballot majority. What gives the President's White House and campaign committee associates and presumably Mr. Ford himself a severe case of the horrors is the prospect, rapidly developing into a near certainty, that the nominee will be chosen only after a lacerating contest, before and at the Kansas City convention, that will effectively destroy what's left of the Ford presidency and—as that veteran divider and destroyer, Sen. Goldwater, keeps saying—may complete the destruction of the Republican party.

There is a view, of course, that neither consequence would be a disaster for the country. As one who prefers Presidents and presidencies to do well, I'd hate to see such a nincompoop as Ronald Reagan bring about either result.

John Osborne

Jerry Brown To the Rescue?

"It is wide open," the young man said. "No one has captured the enthusiasm and the imagination of the Democratic party. I'm offering myself as an alternative."

So saying, Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr. boarded an airplane and left California for the first time in his 15 months as governor to campaign for the presidency in Maryland.

In the ensuing days, Jerry Brown got a taste of how fast things can change in this year's presidential race. When Brown first appraised the race, Jimmy Carter was the frontrunner, but with only about one-third of the delegates in hand; he still had some opposition and there was talk that Hubert Humphrey would enter the race. Then Carter won in Pennsylvania and a few other places, Jackson and Humphrey withdrew, and along with exuberant crowds, Jerry Brown began to face all the new talk about party unity, unity behind Carter.

At this writing, however, the 38-year-old first-term governor is undeterred, holding to his objective: He is, he says, making a forthright bid for the top spot on the ticket and will not say whether he would accept second place. He is running, he claims, to represent a new generation of leadership, people who have never been in power before. He says he's been an active, compassionate governor who tries to challenge assumptions, who embodies a new spirit and philosophy and represents an independent alternative to what's being offered in Washington.

Brown's presidential strategy amounts to his own concept of finite limits translated into filing deadlines and delegate counts. His manager, Mickey Kantor, a former poverty lawyer, keeps an 84-day chart on the wall, a countdown to convention opening. Brown will be on only three primary ballots, California, Maryland and Nevada, the latter two chosen not by him, but for him by secretaries of state empowered to enter nationally recognized candidates. When he announced, there were nine additional states where Brown delegates might be picked at precinct caucuses.

But the strategy was never focused on delegate totals. "Initially, the number of delegates we get is a meaningless figure," says Kantor. "To make an impact on the nation, what we have to do is show strength in Maryland and Nevada, win California, affect Gallup and Harris, pick up uncommitted delegates as we go along, and enter the convention with momentum and the image of a new face who can unify the party and win." All along, Brown's advisers have assumed a convention deadlock, with Jimmy Carter holding fewer than 1000 delegate votes.

Brown's stump discourse is peppered with allusions to philosophers and, as in the following example, reflects his cerebral nature. On foreign affairs: "Our foreign policy is a hangover from the '50s. It's reactive, sterile, contradictory . . . America has to regain the ideological initiative. I would like to see a foreign policy based not merely on military alliances and the sale of arms, but on planetary realism, on the vision that we are all one people, that we are sharing a finite amount of resources, that our technology has to take into account the fragile quality of the atmosphere above and the soil on which we walk."

Superficially, Carter and Brown are similar, each sharing some elements of an anti-establishment image that's appealing this year. But there are differences. Carter's appeal, soft on the stump, blunt in his paid advertising, is anti-Washington, not necessarily anti-

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government. His solutions are oriented to innovative budgeting and reorganization, restructuring the bureaucracy and streamlining it, making government efficient without necessarily diminishing its size or influence. By contrast, though he believes in active public solutions, Brown is more skeptical of government as a court of first resort and certain that programs designed to remedy social ills also create special constituencies of users that needlessly prolong the life of the programs. Differentiating himself from Carter: "I have not attempted to stress the virtue or the potential of reshuffling the boxes on the government organization chart. What's needed is not a technical rearrangement, but a philosophical redirection that flows from your basic values. Also, government is people. I look for people who embody a certain spirit and philosophy that I think represents the best in this country. That's what I would bring to Washington, from the CIA to the Defense Department."

Jerry Brown's first test will come in Maryland. There his name will appear only in the non-binding preference poll, but enough delegates filed and pledged to now-inactive contenders are shifting to Brown, to give him a virtually complete slate statewide.

Brown's first trip to Maryland left the state's Democrats agog. His press was uniformly favorable, and among old-fashioned machine-style pols, organization jobbers, clubhouse leaders and Baltimore bosses, his reception was adoring. Brown won over former leaders of McGovern's 1972 effort, and more important, endorsements from powerful, patronage-rich party organizations in the state's most populous counties, and enough members of Gov. Marvin Mandel's inner circle to make the governor's position clear. Mandel is widely known to be anti-Carter, an attitude acquired, like that of other governors, from their associations at previous governors' conferences. Relieved of an earlier loyalty to Scoop Jackson, Mandel now bestows a tacit blessing on Jerry Brown.

Brown's alliances are bizarre, but his instant support now extends to areas of Maryland that will account for 80 to 85 percent of the Democratic vote in the upcoming primary. With Mo Udall's decision to scale down his longstanding effort there, the upcoming primary boils down to Carter versus Brown.

Right now, money is in strong supply, at least for Maryland. Brown's media—both radio and television—began the day he arrived in the state, and, according to Kantor, "We bought everything available between then and the primary—$89,500 worth."

What does it all mean? With money, media and Jerry Brown, the party organization-labor alliance that flopped for Jackson in Pennsylvania might be able to deliver in Maryland. In the view of some Marylanders, Brown's fortunes in their state depend in part on how Carter looks on election day. "By May 18, Carter may have 1000 delegates," says one. "At that point, he's presumed to be inevitable. What sense does it make to vote for Jerry Brown under those circumstances?"

In Nevada a week later, the California governor is already well known, and there too has begun to collect support from diverse quarters. He is backed by Jim Santini, the state's at-large congressman and one of the most conservative members of the current freshman

LOS ANGELES TIMES SYND. CAFE
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OLIPHANT
GOV. BROWN OF CALIF. LIKE WOW
ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE
NOW WE GET THE HOLIER-THAN-THOU BIT

"Hey, far out! I'd like to request some equal time . . ."

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Democratic class. The two have a fiscal affinity, Santini thinks. He was impressed when Brown saved $150,000 by eliminating state-supplied briefcases in California, and Santini attached an anti-limousine amendment as a rider on the energy bill in the House; it would have cut the number of limos in Washington from 800 to 27. In the pre-primary caucuses, Brown also won the support of Maya Miller, an unsuccessful candidate for the US Senate in 1974, and herself an anti-establishment figure whose campaign produced an uncharacteristic wave of activism in Nevada. Governor Mike O'Callaghan, the state's leading Democrat, committed himself and most of the state's conservative Democratic establishment to Henry Jackson. At last word, O'Callaghan intends to stand foresquare with Scoop despite his withdrawal, which may sideline some influentials in the Carter-Brown confrontation. Brown's problem may not be winning Nevada, but rather making it seem that he has accomplished something if he does. There are only 11 votes at stake there; in five other primaries the same day, nearly 20 times as many delegates are on the block.

Brown's managers are unworried about his chances in the California primary—unless he fails to catch on in Maryland and Nevada. A partial hedge against that possibility was their decision not to enter New Jersey, a primary technically open to them when Brown announced, but clouded by Hubert Humphrey's indecision at the time. Now the energy and dollars that might have had to be divided between two large states at opposite ends of the continent will be available to focus on California alone should Brown find himself in trouble at home.

Polls show that Jerry Brown has developed a remarkably favorable image in a short time—not only in California where his latest approval rating stands at about 85 percent, but nationwide, where he is much less well known. Where people are aware of Brown, his support is strong. Respondents in national polls like his belt-tightening tactics; his message that the public will have to sacrifice is buttressed by his personally foregoing the perquisites of the governorship. He is also perceived as an extraordinary politician who resists wasting taxpayers' money and who is not afraid to say no to pressures for more spending. Among voters who know him, Brown's personal attributes—his youth, his often brash manner, his years in a Jesuit seminary, and even his penchant for Zen Buddhist retreats—do not turn up as serious liabilities.

"He is a political phenomenon," says one national pollster. That characterization captures some of the political risks he now faces. In his presidential effort Jerry Brown may be gambling something of his future. There is a strong suspicion that the basis of his popularity—probably in California, and certainly in the nation—is symbolic rather than tangible. His refusal to move into the Reagan-built $1.5 million mansion—Brown says it resembles an "empty Safeway"—or to use a state-supplied limousine are more important components of his image than his work on California farm labor problems. People know that he and his staff took pay cuts, that they go "Dutch" to business lunches, and that Brown even returned the governor's free pass to Disneyland; some know that he has a distaste for government programs and a capacity for hard work and concentration—all admirable qualities, but, by and large, they constitute a tenuous image, ungrounded in durable accomplishment. Like Jimmy Carter, Jerry Brown seems to be running against the establishment and against the traditional program for every problem that Washington has come to symbolize.

Brown says that his previous campaigns "have never been part of any particular party machinery or constituency group, and this one is the same." But when he declared for President and flew tourist class to Maryland, he left behind his capacity to call all the shots. Brown landed just as Carter began riding high and nearly everyone else disappeared from the race.

However well he does in the primaries, his delegates will mostly be drawn from lists of those who backed others first and come now to Brown by dint of the failures of their previous choices. Therein Brown begins to acquire a handicap. His claim to represent a new generation of leadership—"I come late but I come unencumbered"—is, well, a bit encumbered by the crowd he has gathered, by the maneuverings of old-line labor barons and establishment cronies who have boarded the last available vessel to stop Carter.

Brown began his second trip to Maryland the day after Jimmy Carter won primaries in Georgia, Indiana, and the District of Columbia, mid-point in what could be a string of about nine victories prefatory to their May 18 encounter. Starting as late as he has, the California governor is inclined to throw lines out to whatever survivors are left in Carter's wake. The danger in doing so is that this new undertaking, which will indelibly shape his future in national politics, will be judged as part of a larger scheme, not entirely of his own making and not fully under his control. In Maryland, for example, Lt. Gov. Blair Lee, III remarks that it is almost inevitable that Jerry Brown will be the principal vehicle of a stop-Carter movement. Brown's entry will make the balance of this political year more interesting. No longer will Jimmy Carter have a monopoly on running against Washington and Maryland becomes the year's first match-up of opponents whose non-establishment views are finely honed and generally credible. But for Jerry Brown, it is an awkward moment to become the point man in a cabal to stop Jimmy Carter, and one wonders if the California governor's popularity and image will survive the effects. Columnist Mary McGrory has said that Jerry Brown has a flawless public relations touch. Under the circumstances, he's likely to need it.

Ken Bode

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Should We be Badmouthing the Bureaucracy?

Good-for-Nothing Government

by Robert Samuelson

Our government in Washington now is a horrible bureaucratic mess. It is disorganized, wasteful, has no purpose.
—Jimmy Carter

It is common in American politics to talk about an issue without understanding it. Debate, to the extent that it takes place, consists of platitudes, half-true simplifications and misleading generalizations. That is what is happening to the debate about the bureaucracy this year. Big government is in disrepute, bureaucrats are bums, and the public would all be a lot better off with less of both.

Well, maybe so. Most Washington reporters have been around enough bureaus, departments and agencies to have seen the ragged underbelly of government. Office life is uninspiring, boredom is epidemic and loafing is common enough. Much work—some of it extremely arduous—is pointless. The more intractable a problem, the more it is studied and restudied. There are a good many places like the Federal Energy Administration's "Bureau of Form Clearance," exhibiting evidence that busywork is central to many government programs. At its worst the system induces a selfishness and narrow-mindedness among bureaucrats. They know they have secure, remunerative jobs; their chief aim is to keep them and to enhance their institutional prerogatives. Everything else is secondary.

But that's not the whole story. Government has its dedicated soldiers who—despite reason to be cynical—attack their jobs with tireless enthusiasm. To these must be added the countless thousands of ordinary people who are not heroes, but who take their work seriously. They follow the rules. When the rules—an agency's objectives and procedures—are sound, their work is sound. When the rules are silly, their work is often wasted and sometimes destructive.

This diversity of workers and agencies is easily forgotten. Politicians' rhetoric tends to convey it all in a few easy, stereotyped phrases, and the result is distortion. Impressions about the performance of one part of government grow into generalizations about all of government. It is probably fair to say that a misleading mythology has now enveloped the bureaucracy. Who might not quickly subscribe, for example, to propositions such as these: that the bureaucracy has undergone an enormous expansion in the last decade; that federal workers are grossly overpaid; and that the government could be less expensive and more effective if it were rationally reorganized.

These notions sound sensible, yet each of them is false or exaggerated. Take those myths, one by one:

There has been an enormous explosion in the size of the federal bureaucracy. That's false. Last year, the federal government employed 2.8 million civilian workers, up from about 2.1 million in 1947. That's a 25 percent increase, but, over the same period, the population has grown slightly faster. As a result, the ratio of federal workers to the total population is slightly lower than it was 29 years ago (13.3 per 1000 people against 14.4 in 1947), according to the Office of Management and Budget. Over the last three decades, the ratio has remained roughly stable.

This stability is important, as the case of Great Britain illustrates. One of the criticisms now being made there is that over the last 15 years government employment was allowed to grow too fast as a percentage of total employment. Increasing numbers of relatively unproductive government workers (the argument goes) represented a rising claim on the nation's output, but did not contribute correspondingly to that output. The resulting burden, it is said, aggravated all of Britain's natural economic problems: more government employment meant higher taxes; insufficient funds remained for private investment; private workers—squeezed by their own tax increases—pressed for higher wages; Britain's exports grew increasingly uncompetitive, and the government, committed to fixed exchange rates, stumbled into "stop-go" policies designed to prevent excess spending abroad; the vacillation in economic policy further stunted investment, completing the vicious circle.

Whether or not Britain's increasingly heavy governmental superstructure played this destructive role is being hotly debated. But the British experience does highlight the potential problems of a rapidly-expanding government sector. A rising material standard-of-living reflects an increase in output in excess of the increase in population; basically, that comes down to higher productivity. The trouble with much government work is that it is very difficult to quantify either output or productivity in any

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meaningful way. It is possible to determine whether Joe Smith—a map maker in the Pentagon—is producing more maps this year than last. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has, in fact, performed such studies and concluded that, contrary to popular belief, government productivity—evaluated in this way—has increased somewhat since the late '60s. But what does that reveal? As Edward F. Denison, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, points out, much of government's ultimate output is virtually unmeasurable. It's not how many maps Joe Smith makes that matters but the quality of our defense. The number of maps may, but may not, relate to that. The same is true in other areas: justice, health, education. Are we really improving the quality of education, or are we simply spending more to hire additional teachers or buy new educational machines?

Here the private sector has advantages. It is better at measuring output and it can tell from sales whether people want what's being produced. If they don't sooner or later, a different product will be offered. (Whether people *really* want what they buy, as John Kenneth Galbraith has long maintained, is another matter altogether.) Government services lack this semi-automatic mechanism for preventing unwanted excess production. Programs, once enacted, perpetuate themselves. Large relative increases in government employment and spending, then, are not trivial issues, but, so far, the increases have been far less than much rhetoric suggests. Over the last two decades, federal spending (at "full employment") has inched up from about 17 to 20 percent of the Gross National Product.

Shifts in the size and authority of government during this period have come elsewhere. The biggest employment increases have occurred at the state and local levels, with a large part of the gain reflecting the "baby boom" (more schoolteachers and college professors) and general population growth. Even in the localities, the trend has been gradual. In 1947, state and local employment represented about seven percent of the jobs; at the end of 1974, the figure was about 12 percent. Together, all government employment has increased from about 10 percent of the total in 1947 to about 16 percent at the end of 1974.

The great changes in federal power in the last decade have taken place in two areas: more regulation, and more income transfers. Both have been accomplished with relatively small numbers of people. Since the mid-'60s the proportion of the federal budget going to income transfers—programs such as Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid, veterans' benefits and food stamps—has increased substantially; it rose from 25 percent in 1966 to 44 percent this year. These transfers can affect the distribution of private spending, because they can cause people to spend money in ways they otherwise wouldn't have, or because the programs themselves—food stamps and Medicare are two good examples—dictate how the money is spent. Likewise, these programs sometimes blur the distinction between the "public" and the "private" sector. How, for example, are hospitals to be classified: many private hospitals subsist largely on federal funds. But the transfers don't impinge on the private sector nearly as much as do direct government activities, such as defense procurement, mass transit systems or educational programs. These items require the government to purchase output: peoples' labor, bombers and subway cars.

To a large extent, the increase in transfer payments has been financed by decreasing the Pentagon's total bite into the federal budget, which declined from 41 percent in 1966 to 25 percent this year. The Defense Department's civilian employment has dropped, too, making the expansion of other activities possible without much overall growth (as it is the Pentagon generates jobs for nearly 40 percent of all civilian workers). If, as seems likely, Congress is no longer willing to accept such declines, future increases in transfer payment programs will be difficult to finance without new taxes, cuts elsewhere in the budget, or more inflation (financing new programs with permanent borrowing is likely to be inflationary).

Cost considerations may make new excursions into government regulation even more attractive than they have been. The great lure of regulation is that it can be done relatively cheaply—cheaply for the government though not necessarily cheaply for everybody else. There's been a proliferation of regulatory agencies in the last decades: the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; the Environmental Protection Agency; the Occupational Health and Safety Review Commission; the Consumer Product Safety Commission; and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. With the exception of EPA (which helps local governments meet water pollution standards with construction grants for treatment plants), most of these agencies act almost entirely through fiat. The cost of meeting their commands must be borne by the industries, individuals and local governments affected. No one really knows what these costs are, though it is clear that regulatory activities represent an increasingly important source of indirect and invisible federal spending.

Government workers are grossly overpaid. It is easy to find numbers that seem to prove this. For example, the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations recently published this interesting statistic: between 1955 and 1973, the average wage for federal workers rose 183 percent against 129 percent for all workers in the private economy. And the sheer size of the average federal paycheck looked uncomfortably large: about $13,000 against $8900 for all private workers at the end of 1973. In addition, surveys by the Civil Service Commission indicate that federal workers' fringe

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benefits are as good or better than the best offered by large corporations and state and local governments.

From this, it is hard to conclude that most federal workers are poorly paid, but the truth is not as obvious as it first appears. Take that statistic from the ACIR. Much of this above-normal increase resulted from two inconspicuous phenomena. First, although the size of the federal work force has not grown dramatically, its composition has changed strikingly. Between 1958 and 1972, the number of lower-paid blue collar workers declined by about 80,000 to 540,000. Meanwhile, white collar workers—especially professionals, scientists and engineers—were proliferating. The growth reflected the expansion of scientific and technical activities, such as the space program and the enlargement of the air traffic control system needed to supervise the burgeoning of airline travel. Likewise, government went ape for computers; that technology decreased the demand for poorly-paid clerical workers and increased the need for well-paid computer specialists. A significant part of the rise in the average salary, then, is simply the result of the changed nature of work: if one substitutes computer operators for clerks, it costs money even if pay levels remain the same.

The second underlying cause for the increase is something called "comparability." In 1962, Congress committed itself to paying federal workers the salaries that their work would command in private business. Surveys were made in the late '50s and early '60s indicating that government salaries lagged. The surveys are now conducted annually, and, between 1962 and 1969, Congress approved catch-up increases that achieved "comparability." As a result, the standard-of-living of government workers rose faster than that of privately employed persons.

A skeptic, however, will not be satisfied with pat explanations—and shouldn't be. The Civil Service pay system tends to underpay and overpay. The system's two guiding principles are comparability and "equal pay for equal work." Jobs requiring the same skills and demanding the same responsibilities—even though they may be located in two entirely different agencies—are supposed to be paid at the same level. The ideals sound fine, but their application creates problems. Take the "equal pay for equal work" doctrine. One result is that the government pays nationwide rates for the same white collar jobs. But private wage levels (and living costs) differ significantly from city to city. Between Norfolk, Virginia and Washington, DC, for example, average pay levels vary by about 25 percent, according to the Labor Department. In many areas with lower wages, businessmen and state and local officials (both of whom compete against the federal government for workers) complain that their wages are pulled up by federal salary and benefit levels. But, as one federal official notes, "In places like South Dakota, we may be the best-paying employer in town, but in New York City, we're often dealing with the dregs of the labor market."

A more serious problem involves the arbitrary administrative determination of what constitutes "equal work." The government has developed a classification system under which virtually all white collar jobs fall into slots ranging from GS-1 (a messenger) to GS-18 (who might, for example, be the head of the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Competition). Jobs at the same GS-level are judged to demand equivalent skills and duties. Each position has an official job description, and there are pseudo-scientific and objective criteria for deciding where along the GS range a job falls. Nevertheless, the whole process is inevitably murky and subjective, with agencies deciding how most individual jobs should be graded.

For example, the typical government jobs requiring a college degree start at GS-5 (with an initial pay of $8925), but aren't some college graduates worth more than others? Consider, also, the problem of paying a "senior stenographer" and a computer "keypunch operator," who are both judged to be at a GS-4 level. In its annual survey of private salaries, the Bureau of Labor Statistics found that private employers were paying the keypunch operator 20 percent more than the stenographer. In the government they are paid the same salary. Private wage determinations take supply and demand into account.

The mystery of grading jobs underlies an intriguing phenomenon known as "grade creep." Rarely defined, "grade creep" is usually interpreted to mean a manipulation of the system by its workers to obtain unwarranted salary increases through higher job grades. Between 1960 and 1975, for example, the median white collar grade rose from GS-7 (starting salary, $11,046) to GS-8 ($12,222). Part of the increase reflects the general shift in the composition of the work force, and Civil Service officials emphasize that the average grade hasn't risen since 1970. They attribute the stability to the attainment of comparability in 1969. Before that, jobs may have been overgraded (so the argument goes) to compensate for the non-competitiveness of federal salaries. A more likely cause is the Office of Management and Budget. Alarmed by the acceleration of grades, OMB issued a rather Prussian *diktat* to agencies to put a lid on grade increases. The tactic seems to have worked.

No one really knows the extent of overgrading. The increase in some of the middle-management grades—GS-13 (beginning salary: $22,906) and GS-15 ($31,309)—seems especially suspicious. Between 1965 and 1973, positions in the grades rose from about 10 percent to 13 percent of civil service jobs. The Civil Service Commission conducts annual audits of selected agencies, and typically it had found two to eight percent of the jobs overgraded. In the last two years, however, the inspectors have adopted more systematic techni-

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ques, and, consequently, the percentage of "overgraded" jobs has gone up, to between 12 and 14 percent.

More enlightening than the raw figures are excerpts from some of the Civil Service reports on individual agencies. At the new National Institute of Education, inspectors found a mess. Of 92 jobs reviewed, 87 were deemed misclassified. "Some employees are overworked, while others have nothing to do . . . Job descriptions do not reflect actual work assignments, and the work performed does not support the grade level of employees." At the State Department, "we found secretary positions redescribed as staff assistants, reclassifications made at a higher grade . . ." In a regional office of the Small Business Administration, there were "excessive layers of supervision" and "managers seemed to be interested primarily in getting higher grade jobs for their employees . . ."

Still it's dangerous to generalize. Until last November many of the top civil servants—those in the so-called super grades from GS-16 through GS-18—had endured a wage freeze lasting in some cases five years. By law, their salaries couldn't rise above that of the lowest appointed subcabinet officer, $36,000, but those salaries were only adjusted once every four years. The salaries had been last increased in 1969, but, in 1974, Congress rejected presidential recommendations for another increase. Because congressional and judicial salaries were included in the same package, congressmen (whose salary was then $42,500) feared handing a campaign issue to election opponents. So, as all other government salaries were increased annually, more and more of the top civil service jobs bumped into the $36,000 ceiling. Federal judges (district judges were paid $40,000 in 1969) were so incensed at congressional inaction that 37 of them have filed suit to recover lost wages. Last fall, Congress decided that all these salaries should be increased automatically by the same rate as other government salaries, but this change doesn't undo the effects of the long freeze.

Put all this together, and what have you got? Here are some tentative conclusions.

First, overpaying and underpaying are an inherent part of a federal administrative pay system that finds it difficult to recognize differences among peoples' performance, agencies' performance, and geographic locations. Nevertheless, the major source of waste lies not with the pay system, but with useless agencies and useless jobs. The fastest growing segment of white collar workers, for example, has been "information and art" specialists—up 181 percent between 1960 and 1973. Do we really need half of them?

Second, if federal workers experienced an increase in their relative standard-of-living in the '60s, the '70s have not been so kind. Budgetary pressures have induced both the White House and Congress to search for ways to reduce the payroll. Each one percent shaved off federal pay increases saves the Treasury about $500 million. Changes in the statistical method of computing "comparability" have lowered salary increases significantly. Last year, Congress accepted a White House proposal to put a five percent cap on federal pay increases (against an 8.66 percent increase figured under the formula). Another five percent cap may be adopted this year. Since 1969, increases have not kept pace with inflation; at the time of the last pay rise in October, pay had risen 45 percent, the consumer price index 49 percent. Union officials claim they have been the victims of a massive statistical swindle. Administration officials counter that the adjustments dispense a crude equity that compensates for things that can't easily be calculated—the extra job security of government work, overgrading and a high level of fringe benefits.

Finally, however, it is easy to carry penny-pinching too far. A policy of making federal workers the victims of inflation will ultimately prove self-defeating. To attract and keep competent workers, the government must offer competitive salaries. Already, at the supergrade levels—positions where civil servants control budgets of hundreds of millions of dollars, or make decisions affecting large numbers of people—the freeze has caused many problems. The best way to assure an incompetent bureaucracy is to starve it to death on pay day. *We can make the bureaucracy much more efficient and more responsive by reorganizing and streamlining it.* This seems to be a favorite Jimmy Carter theme. In his campaign literature he proudly cites his experience in Georgia, where, according to the handouts, he reduced the number of agencies from 300 to 22, making government "more efficient and easier for the average citizen to understand."

Well, maybe this strategy worked in Georgia, and maybe it didn't, but it's unlikely to produce instant wonders in Washington. It probably won't much reduce the size of government, or make the bureaucracy more responsive to Congress, the White House, or the people. Indeed, if not watched carefully, the most well-intentioned reorganization could conceivably create more problems than it solves. Much governmental reorganization is simply semantic. Ten individual agencies—all involved, perhaps, in the same basic area—become one super agency, but rarely are the individual agencies eliminated. They are simply folded together, into a larger container. What happens? Well, first there is a new departmental superstructure created to manage all the individual agencies.That means more bodies, and usually, those bodies are well-paid bodies. Moreover, when a number of strange agencies are thrown together, people begin looking at each other and comparing salaries. Equal work is supposed to merit equal pay, but, despite the theory, the necessary imprecision of job grading means that people in two different agencies doing roughly the same work may be classified at different levels. No one should be surprised when "grade creep" results from

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the shifting of agencies to new departments: discrepancies are noticed, and rectified at the Treasury's expense.

Nor do the individual agencies lose their identities. Government works primarily from the bottom up, not from the top down; the technicians at the bottom often set in motion events that dictate what the men at the top do. Just creating a new super department doesn't mean that the top can effectively guide and control all the individual parts. Indeed, the bigger the super agency, the less likely that the top can control the bottom—or even know what it's doing. There is simply too much information and activity to keep track of it all. The top often doesn't learn what the bottom is doing until a crisis—a congressional hearing, a budget review, or a lawsuit—forces an issue into the open.

A recent change in administrative procedures at the Department of Transportation (one of the greatest reorganizations of the '60s) illustrates the problem. The new procedures require all the administrators of DOT's constituent agencies to inform the Secretary of Transportation of any major new proposed regulations (dealing, for instance, with safety and noise) 30 days in advance of planned publication. The new procedure may spare future Transportation Secretaries some unpleasant surprises, but it's doubtful that it will dramatically increase control over activities of individual agencies. Unless the secretary wants to initiate an independent review of every proposal that floats upward—a review that would consume a great deal of his staff's time and add another layer of institutionalized delay to the government's business—he will be heavily dependent on the analysis and conclusions of the individual agency.

In DOT, the futility of attempting to run all the individual agencies from the top is clear from a mere listing of those agencies: the Federal Aviation Administration; the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration; the Coast Guard; the Federal Highway Administration; the Federal Railroad Administration; the Urban Mass Transit Administration; the Materials Transportation Board (which deals with the movement of hazardous substances); and—last but not least—the St. Lawrence Seaway Corporation. All these entities may be involved in transportation, but the natural conflicts and disagreements among them haven't been eliminated by the creation of DOT.

Finally, new agencies (either conglomerates of old agencies or fresh creations) are often born in the midst of a crisis or in the flush of excitement over a new crusade. This can be an invitation to payroll padding, exaggerated job descriptions, and bureaucratic empire-building. Recruiting sometimes needs to be done quickly. Jobs are given high-grade positions as an added attraction. Full of their own self-importance, officials assume that like-minded people (who, naturally, apply for agency jobs) are worth good grades and good pay.

One of the larger personnel debacles discovered recently by the Civil Service Commission involves the Department of Housing and Urban Development, where many jobs were judged overclassified. In part, the HUD story seems to be a classic example of how a fashionable issue—"saving the cities"—led to grade inflation. "The Department was getting a lot of big new programs, such as Model Cities. When the new programs were staffed up, that's how the problems arose," says one Civil Service official. "When you get people who want to make a program move, they say 'these are the grades we need to make the program go.' Pressures build up."

Attacking Washington is one of the time-honored traditions of American politics, and no one is about to do away with it in 1976. There are serious issues, including the level of invisible spending mandated by new government regulation. But much of the campaign speech-making has predictably skirted these issues and concentrated instead on insulting the faceless bureaucracy. That has a certain superficial appeal, and, if it is not especially enlightening, it has the political virtue of evading the central reality: to cut back government in a way that most people find meaningful (that is, in their tax bills) actual programs must be reduced or eliminated. The pledges to promote efficiency and cut the "fat"—made most conspicuously by Jimmy Carter—sidestep the fact that the federal government, unlike local governments, is not significantly labor intensive. Of the total federal budget, only about one-fifth goes for salaries and fringe benefits (including the military); in many local budgets, a corresponding proportion is well over one-half.

Both the Nixon and the Ford White Houses have been enthusiastic about cutting programs, but, in their attempts to do so, they have collided with some unchanging political facts-of-life. In the abstract, everyone is against waste, but there is very little agreement on what's wasteful or unnecessary. Income transfer programs and defense now represent the lion's share of the budget; liberals don't want to cut the former, conservatives don't want to slice the latter. Budget experts may argue that some programs don't promote their objectives very efficiently, but one man's waste is another's way-of-life. The candidates are not providing any laundry list of programs to be guillotined, because—as Ronald Reagan quickly discovered with his proposal to transfer $90 billion back to the states—such proposals offend people.

And so the bureaucracy acts as a stand-in for the specifics. It is easy to satirize and ridicule, because its imperfections are manifold. Federal workers probably accept their role with a certain amount of weary stoicism. It's doubtful they feel threatened. One calls them bureaucrats when one thinks ill of them, civil servants when there's a compliment to bestow. By any name, they are durable, and when all the pounding of this political season is finished, most will still be sitting at their desks, a few of them asleep.

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What Has Happened To the Right of Privacy

by Nathan Lewin

The right of privacy has suffered serious setbacks in the Supreme Court this year, and the worst may be yet to come. On five occasions between late January and early May, the Court issued decisions that affected, in one way or another, the extent to which individuals are able to "control access to information about themselves"—the definition given to the legal concept of privacy several years ago by Harvard law professor Charles Fried. The result every time was against the claimed right of privacy.

More disturbing than this simplistic box score is an emerging pattern: the decisions seem to be more than expressions of the Burger Court's familiar policy of holding the line against the expansion of constitutional rights. They disclose, instead, an eagerness to rethink and overturn constitutional protections for privacy that were approved, accepted or assumed many years ago by Supreme Court justices who could not remotely be accused of libertarianism or activism. And the Court appears to be going deliberately out of its way to repudiate the established rules. Two of the most significant recent majority opinions were written by Justice Byron White, who usually avoids sweeping rulings and criticizes others if their decisions go beyond the most limited legal principles that must be considered to reach a decision on the particular facts of a case. In the two privacy cases, Justice White reached past the records before him to consider issues and announce new doctrines that reduce the protections of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments as they apply to breaches of privacy.

The core of the Constitution's protection of privacy is the Fourth Amendment. That provision deals explicitly with the governmental process of search and seizure, the means by which officers may enter a private home and look through it for physical evidence of criminal conduct. The Constitution declares the "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures." Although the constitutional draftsmen did not see fit to be more specific in their prohibition than to outlaw actions that are "unreasonable," they added to the Fourth Amendment a provision that has come to be known as the "Warrant Clause." Attached to the first part of the amendment by the word "and," it directs that warrants may issue only "upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." The courts have read the two parts of the amendment together and have understood from the combination that a search or seizure is "unreasonable" if the official who makes it does not have enough evidence to prove "probable cause" that what he is looking for is where he believes it to be. "Probable cause" is a very minimal standard of proof; it means barely enough evidence to make the result probable.

Who determines whether the evidence that a police officer has is enough under this standard to justify his entry into a private house to look for loot taken in a bank robbery, for example? Here the Warrant Clause has been read by the Supreme Court (after a brief period of uncertainty in the early 1950s) as imposing a requirement that the decision be made—whenever practically feasible—by a judge or some person occupying a quasi-judicial post. The police must present their detailed proof—in sworn form—to a "neutral and detached magistrate," and he is to decide, on the basis of that submission, whether the invasion of privacy that they seek to carry out is justified by the evidence they have. If the judicial officer agrees with the police, the Fourth Amendment then commands that the warrant specify where the search is to take place and what objects are being sought. One abuse of British rule during the colonial period that the constitutional draftsmen were most anxious to preclude was the "general search," in which a license was issued to roam and find whatever might interest the searchers.

In the process of interpreting the language of the Fourth Amendment and applying it to specific factual situations, the Supreme Court established certain exceptions to the warrant requirement. It makes no sense, for example, to require the police to get a search warrant if, in the time needed to apply, the loot from a recently committed bank robbery will be carried away in a speeding car. So the rule that there should be no search without a prior warrant took on a generally approved exception for those cases where moving vehicles, rather than houses, are the subjects of the search. In these circumstances, a search without a warrant is not "unreasonable" providing the police can prove, if they are later called on to do so, that they had evidence amounting to "probable cause." Other reasons also justified exceptions for searches of the pockets and immediate surroundings of individuals who have been legally arrested, or for situations where

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the evidence to be seized might be destroyed if delay for legal procedures is required.

Privacy is protected by the dual requirement that there be "probable cause" before a search is made and that the proof in the hands of the potential searchers be evaluated by a judge before the search is undertaken. Obviously reduced are the chances that the police will break in, as news reports indicate they still occasionally do, on a totally innocent homeowner who is mistakenly suspected of involvement in criminal activity. A home, a car, a hotel room—even a phone booth—are secure for their occupants against prying eyes and ears of officialdom unless there is hard proof, satisfactory to a judicial officer, that their privacy deserves to be pierced.

So much for searches. An even more forceful invasion of privacy results from the arrest of someone who is suspected of a crime, and the Supreme Court has recognized for more than 170 years that the Fourth Amendment applies to the "seizure" of a person as well as to the search and seizure of contraband or evidence. The Court has always insisted that an arrest could be constitutionally carried out only if those making it had proof that established "probable cause." But, surprisingly enough, it never, until this year, squarely confronted the question whether an arrest warrant is constitutionally required if it can reasonably be obtained without unduly jeopardizing the chances of taking the suspect into custody. The FBI follows the practice of making arrests only on warrants, except where flight is a real possibility, but the case before the Court concerned an arrest without a warrant made by federal postal inspectors.

The events occurred in August 1972. Postal inspectors had been told by a reliable informant named Khoury that Henry Watson, an acquaintance of his, had offered to sell Khoury stolen credit cards. At the inspector's instruction, Khoury arranged a meeting in a restaurant with Watson, and two postal officials sat at a nearby table watching carefully. Khoury lit a cigarette—a prearranged signal that Watson had told him he had illicit cards in his possession. The inspectors pounced on Watson and arrested him. The validity of the arrest became an issue at Watson's trial, and the federal court of appeals in California ruled that the arrest was unlawful because the inspectors should have obtained an arrest warrant. The Supreme Court disagreed, and, in a decision written by Justice White, it established the broad rule that warrants are not constitutionally required when arrests on felony charges are made in public places.

On the facts of Watson's case, rejection of his constitutional argument would not have been particularly troublesome. As Justice Thurgood Marshall pointed out in his dissent, the circumstances of the arrest would have met the traditional "exigent circumstances" standard for warrantless searches and seizures. The signal given by Khoury indicated that Watson had with him stolen credit cards, which are the fruit of criminal activity. The Court majority could have ruled that the arrest was lawful because the delay needed to get a warrant would have jeopardized the possibility of taking Watson into custody for a crime he was *then* committing and of seizing the stolen goods in his possession. But Justice White uncharacteristically decided that he would provide a broader reason than necessary for his decision. He concluded that arrests on felony charges may be made without warrants, and the Court's four Nixon appointees joined in that ruling.

Justice Lewis Powell, while agreeing with White, wrote a separate opinion in which he expressed his uncertainty whether the Constitution would require a warrant if the inspectors had tried to arrest Watson in his home rather than at the restaurant. Powell's opinion also observed that it is entirely illogical to require *less* procedural safeguards for an arrest—which is a most "serious personal intrusion"—than for a search—which usually causes only "annoyance and temporary inconvenience." However, Justice Powell concluded, "logic sometimes must defer to history and experience," and the Court majority had marshalled historical precedent for the proposition that in pre- and post-revolutionary times it was assumed that officers could make felony arrests without warrants.

Justice Potter Stewart did not join White's opinion. He said that the arrest was lawful only because it "was made upon probable cause in a public place in broad daylight." In a technical sense, given Stewart's and Powell's separate statements, there is still an open constitutional issue as to whether warrants might be needed for arrests made in private homes. Justice White's analysis of history leaves no real room, however, for the application of a different rule depending on the location of the arrest. So it seems that, notwithstanding the absence of any explicit ruling on arrests in private homes, police officers may now assume that an arrest warrant is an unnecessary formality. Unless it is required by some local rule or law, there is little reason for a police officer to undertake the annoyance and inconvenience of applying for an arrest warrant.

Two decisions issued by the Court in late April followed the same pattern of reaching out to foreclose privacy claims. One involved efforts by IRS to get

COMING: Daniel Yergin

in faint praise

of détente

with the Soviets

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taxpayers' accounting records. The courts have held that records that accountants keep of their work for individual taxpayers may be demanded from the accountants by IRS. The Fifth Amendment's prohibition against compulsory self-incrimination does not apply under these decisions because the records are obtained from the accountant, not from the taxpayer. Sophisticated taxpayers concerned over government inquiries recognized from these rulings that it was unsafe to leave financial records with accountants. When tax investigations would begin they would ask the accountants to deliver the records to them. The cases coming before the Court concerned records that had gone, in this fashion, from accountants to taxpayers and then to the taxpayers' lawyers. The IRS issued sommonses for the records to the lawyers, and the lawyers replied by invoking their clients' Fifth Amendment privilege against self-discrimination.

The Court could have viewed this rapid transfer of documents as an impermissible means of keeping nonprivileged papers from IRS. Justice William Brennan, in a separate opinion, said that "given the prior access by accountants retained by the taxpayers to the papers involved in these cases and the wholly business rather than personal nature of the papers, I agree that the privilege against compelled self-incrimination did not in either of these cases protect the papers from production in response to the summons." But the Court majority, again speaking through Justice White, was not satisfied with such a narrow ruling. Instead of relying on the fact that these records had originally been kept by the taxpayers' accountants, the Court issued a decision that affects the availability of personal records or documents always maintained by taxpayers personally. In so doing, the Court explicitly repudiated a leading Supreme Court privacy precedent that was decided in 1886 in an opinion by Justice Joseph Bradley, described consistently at the time of his nomination to the Court as a "conservative."

The 1886 decision in *Boyd* v. *United States* had concluded that the Fourth and Fifth Amendments were violated by a proceeding in which an individual would be compelled to produce his "private papers, to be used in evidence against him." Justice Bradley said, in language that anticipated modern concepts of privacy, that the Fourth and Fifth Amendments, in their "intimate relation," were designed to "apply to all invasions, on the part of the Government and its employees, of the sanctity of a man's home and the privacies of life. It is not the breaking of his doors and the rummaging of his drawers that constitutes the essence of the offense, but it is the invasion of his indefeasible right of personal security, personal liberty and private property, where that right has never been forfeited by his conviction of some public offense." There could, consequently, be no "forcible and compulsory extortion of a man's own testimony or of his private papers to be used as evidence to convict him of crime or to forfeit his goods."

Again appearing to reserve decision on the broader question—whether documents other than accountants' workpapers could be demanded of a taxpayer directly—Justice White and the Court majority rejected the constitutional claim for reasons that would cover the reserved issue. It said that only if an individual is required to provide "testimonial" evidence in the form of oral or written replies to questions does the Fifth Amendment give him protection. This view cuts out of the Fifth Amendment the protection for privacy that the Supreme Court and lower courts have repeatedly recognized to be part of the constitutional safeguard. In earlier decisions, a majority of the Court had described the Fifth Amendment as establishing a "zone of privacy" and a "private inner sanctum of individual feeling and thought."

Another decision on the same day announced for the same Court majority of six justices (Brennan and Marshall dissenting and Stevens not participating) deliberately cut the area of privacy back even further. The question before the Court concerned copies of checks and other records of individual checking accounts retained by a bank under the compulsory record-keeping provisions of a 1970 banking law. Treasury Department investigators who believed that a suspect was operating a moonshine still demanded his checking account records from the bank. He claimed that this seizure, which did not have to be based on "probable cause," violated his right of privacy.

It was possible for the Court to reject this argument on the ground that the records under subpoena were the bank's property, and not the suspect's. The opinion written by Justice Lewis Powell started along this line and contained language that appeared to limit its effect. But the Court also took on a much more difficult question. What if the suspect himself had been ordered to produce the *original* checks and deposit slips that he had in his possession? The majority answered this question by ruling that he would have "no legitimate 'expectation of privacy'" in documents that are "negotiable instruments to be used in commercial transactions."

In this age of computerized data banks and extensive reliance on record-keeping of one's affairs by others, the ramifications of these decisions are staggering. Is a citizen left with any control over access to personal information if financial records and other forms of documentation—whether in his possession or someone else's—are given no effective constitutional shield? Sweeping demands on citizens for their own papers may now be made by federal prosecutors or IRS agents, who need not have any factual basis whatever for wanting to search through such records.

The second part of Mr. Lewin's article, focussing on the future of privacy rights, will appear next week.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Henry V

(Brooklyn Academy of Music)

For the past several years the Royal Shakespeare Company of London has been visiting the Brooklyn Academy of Music with new productions. The ones that I've seen have impressed others far more than me. What I saw looked like a few of the better RSC actors surrounded by a kind of second team, directed indifferently (Gorky's *Summer Folk*) or trickily (*Richard II*). Now the RSC has brought *Henry V*, part of a trilogy they have done with both parts of *Henry IV* to celebrate the centenary of their company. This *Henry V* is by far the best production of theirs I've seen in Brooklyn: in some ways it's stunning. But it's a mixed bag—very mixed and decidedly baggy.

The troubles began, I would say, with the choice of this play. In recent years some commentators have tried to show that *Henry V* is not a drama of militaristic patriotism, of war as a country's highest calling and finest test. They have failed, I think. The director of this production, Terry Hands, would like to have it two ways. In his program notes he says that *Henry V* was chosen, in a time of the RSC's and of Britain's troubled circumstances, because it is "upbeat," it is about unity and brotherhood. Then, perhaps embarrassed by a rah-rah tone, he hastily adds that "the play is full of doubt," as if the presence of doubt would prove modernity. What proves this "doubt"? The fact, says Hands, that the Chorus begins with an apology for the limitations of the theater in dealing with this vast chronicle. But this argument is specious. One might as well argue that Handel was apologizing for his own music when he wrote "O had I Jubal's lyre." That opening Chorus of *Henry V* is Shakespeare's tribute to the way the theater triumphs imaginatively over its merely physical limitations. Hands' insistence on viewing it negatively is a prime instance of his schism about the play, a schism that starts with the program notes and runs through his whole production.

Still that schism is understandable in a present-day director. It's understandable that he would feel compelled, in the post Hitler post Stalin post Vietnam age, to have one or both of two views about *Henry V*: either to treat the war in it as a metaphor of non-martial national unification or to bring to the pervasive militarism some anachronistic humane regard. The RSC, says Hands, selected it out of the first motive; and he has obviously directed it out of both motives.

But they don't really blend. No matter how one plumps for a metaphoric view of the war in the play, the ringing language—glorious in itself—is the best statement in English of ideals that many of us have come to loathe. And the humane considerations, which have to be inserted by a director, remain blatant inserts. For instance, after Agincourt when Henry reads the rolls of the nobles killed on the French and English sides, Hands makes the king break off in tacit horror at the numbers and identities of the dead men. This is a raw 1976 intrusion completely unsupported by the text. Henry's sole comment is that he sees God's hand in the fact that more French than English nobles were killed.

This schism in the director affects every aspect of the show. Take the visual aspect. The performance begins with patronizing hip cheapness. The curtain is up when we arrive, showing a big raked stage and plain walls on the two sides, each of which has a high gallery with a "chaser" spotlight on it. (Later electricians come out and maneuver those lights; musicians, also in modern dress, appear there from time to time.) Before the play begins, actors drift out on to the stage in informal modern dress, lounge about, chat with members of the audience, and otherwise put one off. When the show starts, Henry himself appears in similar dress. Then, suddenly and contradictorily, the French ambassador enters in period costume, the first of the lovely costumes in which everyone but the Chorus is dressed beginning with the second scene. (Costumes and setting were designed by Farrah—that's his whole name.) What was the point of the glib "off-Broadway" beginning? To "shoehorn" us into the past? To assure us that Shakespeare and his characters are not really remote and dusty? Thanks a lot, Hands.

But *truly* thanks—in further contradiction—for the excellence of the stage movement and compositions, among the finest I can remember in a Shakespeare production. Hands has an eye for sweep and pageant, tempered with the astringency of modern painting (another contradiction!). All his "pictures," particularly those involving the comic characters, are striking without being static.

He has worked some wonders with Farrah's ingenious yet simple scenic design. Two great canvas canopies, one for each act, are hung by multiple cables. The first is bunched upstage in the air at the start, like a furled umbrella, and as the English gird for France, the huge tent unfurls out over the stage to parallel the surges of music and rhetoric. The canopy is even lowered flat on the floor at one point: the bunchy canvas with the cables hooked to it suggests rough ground with underbrush. Before Harfleur, the back half of the raked stage swings up toward us on hinges, ladders and ropes hanging from it to suggest battlements, and the English clamber over. Henry is on the ladders and the ropes as he exhorts them once more unto the breach. Then when the town is taken, the back half lowers again, revealing Princess Katharine standing behind it, waiting for her English lesson. All these things are excellent.

The handling of the text is as mixed a matter as the visual elements. "Once more unto the breach" and "How yet resolves the governor of the town" are handled traditionally, in the mode of "Di quella pira" from *Il Trovatore*. But the St.

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. We bring a lot of the excitement *with* us, but the film does about as well as it could with this hard-to-film subject.

Face to Face. Ingmar Bergman, Liv Ullmann and friends explore the "normality" of the normal. Not best Bergman but often fine.

The Man Who Would Be King. John Huston's rousing movie-movie out of Kipling's India.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in a questionable mental-hospital allegory.

SK

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Crispin's Day speech, surely intended to be an equal rouser, is fragmented and "internalized."

The casting, too, is mixed. All the comic characters are superb—weathered and true. Richard Moore, the Pistol, is even scurvier than Robert Newton in Olivier's film. Trevor Peacock, the Fluellen, is robust and winning. Carolle Rousseau, the Katharine, is pleasant. But Clement McCallin, the French King, is dullness incarnate, and Emrys James, the Chorus, is a limp, pudgy leprechaun.

Then there's Henry himself, and himself a mixed matter. Alan Howard is a greatly gifted, highly skilled actor. (I've seen him in London in Gorky's *Enemies*, in New York as Theseus/Oberon in Brook's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and on TV.) Howard begins here with a basic handicap. The essence of Henry is the ephebe, the wild youth entering responsible manhood. Howard, now around 40, looking and sounding every minute of it, suggests a mature rake, jaded with sin, who has decided to try virtue for a change. He looks like a cross between Robert Redford and a witch. His voice is more nasal than ever—though, within that timbre, it's marvelously strong and capable. In stamina (Henry is a gargantuan role), in intelligence, in absolutely precise control, Howard is splendid. Sometimes he slips into the José Ferrer syndrome, showing how well he enunciates by adding a tiny syllable after a closing word. ("Soul-uh." "Hand-uh.") But he can cope with the heroic when he needs to: he gives us "God for Harry, England, and Saint George" like a trumpet call, instead of Olivier's cop-out scream. On the other hand, he doesn't have Olivier's charm. He doesn't have anyone's, not even his own. He isn't temperamentally suited to sympathetic characters, and he has to work like blazes when he's in one, as here. This is not to derogate the admirable Howard, only to place him, and to underscore that the contradictions in the production also mark his performance.

Hands is clearly one of the inheritors of Granville Barker's pre-World War I revolution in Shakespearean directing: the insistence on what Barker believed to be Elizabethan pace, the simplicity of setting, the use of tradition without slavery to it. But *Henry V* is a very difficult play to produce in the third quarter of this century. My guess is that it's even more difficult (*another* contradiction!) in Britain than in the US because Britain has suffered more in 20th-century wars, let alone the fact that they still have a monarch. Hands' production, beautiful in some ways, is split by embarrassment, by apology.

The Poems of Frederick Morgan

This is our fourth of a number of presentations of poets and essays on poets. "When It Rained and Rained," "Legend," "Aubade," "The Step," and "Lao-Tzu," all new contributions to The New Republic, *are copyright © 1976 by Frederick Morgan, as is "The Question," quoted in the following essay. "Shame" was first published in* Georgia Review, *1975, "From a Forgotten Book" in* Poetry Northwest, *1973, "Poems of the Two Worlds" (in an earlier version) in* Kayak, *1972, and all are Copyright © in the respective years by Frederick Morgan.*

Shame

"I am two days from death
and I have no name."
What shall I call you then?
"Call me shame,
bonerack, stench and living corpse
with a hey and a ho and back to the
dust."

Ugly shame,
stupid shame,
old shame two days from death!
Grin if you can
while I sing you a song
of what poor shame is worth.

"When it rained and rained"

When it rained and rained
and I was a child
I looked from the windows
of "39"
across the slick street and
over the roofs
of three-storey houses—
brick and white trim—
hushed in the wetness
while high in the distance
above dim façades
water-towers loomed . . .

until the front door
three flights below
slammed, and my father's voice
rhythmic, searching
rose up the stairwell
calling a name,
the name that was mine—
and I cried out too
naming him back
in our secret tongue
and ran down the deep
stairway to find him:
we met at the heart
of the darkening house

as evening set in . . . Soon
the lights would go on.

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From a Forgotten Book

When we stormed the city Sirk in the mountains
we put to the sword that foul, misshapen people:
cut down men, women, children where they stood.
Their corpses choked the streets, dogs drank their blood.

Four hundred of us slaughtered forty thousand
joyously, for we did not like their smell.
We gave ourselves to war as to a goddess;
each time we struck, we struck to kill.

Spirits of our fathers woke in us
dooming to hell that stinking maggot-swarm
of soft manipulators, puny cheats
who held the honor of the brave in scorn.

I found my destined one: small, sly and fat,
leaving behind a spoor of squirrel slime
he turned, hyena-faced, to bare his teeth
and giggle, as I struck him the last time.

Our fathers know us. Violent and true
followers of the ultimate great Khan
foredoomed to dwindle down the stony years,
we've eaten death but never tasted fear.

I took my red-haired sister to my bed
that night, for each had killed a hundred men,
and felt her savage body leap with mine.
Then like two wolves replenished in their den
austere in furs beneath our snowy tent
we sucked the mountain air chill under stars—
our minds appeared, our bodies deeply spent,
while absence glittered in our perfect hearts.

Legend

Lonesome on the cliffside
lonesome on the prairie
twilight to twilight the
ageless American rides

long prick tucked into
sweat-shiny britches
between his thighs the on-
ward undulations of the horse

past the flat-top mesa
where a last dragon lurks
past the claptrap vistas
of dead movie sets

to where an ancient judgment
waits in the salt canyon
unlinked from all the past
which somehow passed him by

Aubade

Who has hold of Juliet's nipples
ramming her from behind?
Is it her very own Romeo,
or the sardonic weathered friend—
even perhaps her doddering sire
incestuously inclined?

It doesn't matter to the cat
creeping at dawn along the tiles
back to his interior self:
no thought can ambush that sly track.

The scowling cousin skulks in outer shadow.
The pumping mounts up to a brace of screams.
Old nursie in her bed turns snorting, sighing—
eases herself into commodious dreams.

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Poems of the Two Worlds

1.

The beginning is a cold wind
or the taste of mineral beneath the grass

or being lifted above the winter city
demonic in dusky air

as, to the midward of my journey,
in a February of frigid moon

the sordid clock-tower on east 94th
shone—and in Maine on the frozen
point

while waves broke perishing across the
rocks
breathing the icy night my heart near
stopped:

and if it had, it had been as well
in the long gaze from the second world

these our deep pains are no matter—
in the night wind the stopped heart rises

rises and sings on its recovered journey
following the dark-winged intermediary

escorted by his hawks and owls:
the beginning is the cold breath

of stone and crystal at the roots—
a whisper of water from the night side—

the second world where the dead walk
arm in arm,
perfected ones garbed in their destinies,

breathing their power into these airs
through the vague intervals of matter

where the circling desolate heart
awaits in turn its liberation.

2.

From the Crab's whirl
from beyond the stars
from blackness

a hand thrusts,
shakes pepper from a pot:
the seeds sift through the universe in
clouds,
each speck bears in itself Homunculus
crouched and scowling, thinking human
thoughts . . .

The golden Egg is opening,
the pepper seasons it
with chance
with abnormality of change
with life
that happens as it happens in its drift
as God is happening unto himself.

It all unfolds, by chance, just as it had
to—
just as it must, though no one made it
happen:
it comes
departs
is a retaining Mind
and Not-mind, and what exceeds those
both.

After breakfast, God takes his random
walk
in the cool glades where nothingness has
being:
his thoughts rejoin themselves beneath
the trees.

3.

The dark one crouching in his cave
alone
withdraws strange emeralds from the
sulphur spring.
The feckless gulls are morselling the
ledge
above a nameless ocean's million blades.

A single sail on all that blue: it's Cook,
Bougainville or St. Brendan, or maybe
Madoc the bastard or the long-lost sire,
homing at last, of Victoria Rapahango.

Brilliant voyagers of the mind's clear
stream,
sharp-featured entities with eyes of
gold,
they emanate from the great throning
Dream
that lurks behind this jettison of sky.

The mind dilates; contracts again, ab-
sorbs

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its jewels in a deathly inner space
where yet some quick chance touch may magically
open granite doors to those bragging waves

that haunt the dark one in his reverie
with images of fate and what's beyond—
even as the gulls fly whitely forth and back
across the real and the unreal ocean . . .

The voyager still lives within the legend,
the utterer still mutely shapes the tale;
when the dark eye spies out the lonely sail
then sea-farer and cave-dweller are one

upon the bright, illimitable sphere
where shapes of life emergent from deep dream
wax, wane and blend themselves within the Change—
until the dreamer lift his changeless eye.

4.

Komē Berenikes floating
in the sea with jellyfish . . .

Rinsings of dismembered wrecks
glimmer outside Gulnar's halls
as the drowned wights light their lamps
phosphorescent on the rocks
where her whiskered doublemen
display their swaying testicles.

Changelings keep the stars in mind
each to sink his secret being
deep through the reflective dark
where urchins vibrate in the mud
and the secular Crab awaits
minglings of a second sun.

Stars who know their living names
coolly urge that long awareness.
Forms within the crystal dusk
whirl and coalesce in bliss
and lots are drawn: The worlds are one.
Twins come now unto their own.

. . . Silent in great space the seal
swims between the stars.

5.

Pêcheur, pêcheur, avez-vous vu
la reine des ombres, la blanche Dahut?
Revisiting the Breton shore
on coal-black horse, long hair blown back,
hard on the heels of her shadow pack
she hunts the weakling dead once more.

In feeble panic see them fly,
misshapen dim nonentities
aquiver with the self's disease,
who live their lives within a lie.
The hounds' white teeth shall rend their flesh,
each coward fragment feel her lash!

Enough of that. The meaning seen
a quarter-century ago
when the dark Self put on her show
perhaps conceals what she would mean.
Let's think so, friends! whose living heads
I saw driven down among those dead.

It would appear that you are damned,
but I'll not be the one to say it.
If there's a debt, and you must pay it,
pay it you shall at her command—
proud living Bitch of my desire
from whose deep eyes my eyes take fire.

no—Heaven's not always for the meek!
But a secret's here I may not speak . . .
Past the still fisher by the stream
I thread my way through tangled paths
backwards from the place of wrath
to shallows of a nearer dream.

6.

A rose dawn, in smoke, over the East River:
light is reflected from the keel of clouds
along Park Avenue's soiled streaks of snow,
My sense attends the shiftings of the cold.

Something—something reaches out behind the semblance:
dimness with claws, brutal and serene.
The sun rises across pale roofs of asphalt.
A car stops at the red on 95th, which clicks to green.

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A man with a briefcase hurries to the corner,
hails a cab, speeds off in a spray of slush;
the newspaper boy in scarlet stocking cap
trundles his squeaking cart from block to block . . .

How shall I fix your shape or speak your name,
great glow-eyed Cat crouched at the roots of being?
This traffic of shadows between dark and light
obscures the pure insistence of your gaze.

And yet, extended from invisible sunlight,
it's straitly in that gaze the shadows live,
rehearse the permutations of their fates
and win such vision as may view themselves.

Lao-Tzu

Lao-Tzu is walking still among the evergreens
bearded and bushy-browed,
his fifteen-hundred-year-old stag behind him:
he bids you cease your pitiful contentions,
live with restraint, cherish the growth of things
and die in time as women and men.

The Step

From where you are at any moment you
may step off into death.
Is it not a clinching thought?
I do not mean a stoical bravado
of making the great decision blade in hand
but the awareness, all so simple, that
right in the middle of the day
you may be called to an adjoining room.

Frederick Morgan: An Appreciation

Frederick Morgan's poems are gratifyingly miscellaneous and adventuresome, both in content and form, but they are almost all easy to read, open, clear. They themselves contain what information is needed to understand them, and they are not cluttered with metaphor. Yet at the same time, they are poems, not the versified prose we see so much of today. They are musical, rhythmic, inventive. In short they are well-written, in the sense once common among people who knew something about prosody—literate people—but now often ignored.

Beyond this, what kind of poet is he? I suppose if a label must be chosen, that of "religious poet" fits Morgan better than any other, though only if one makes immediate qualifications. He is not ideologically minded at all, for instance, not in the high-pressure convention of Newman, Hopkins and Eliot, and hence never speaks with their tone, unmistakable if unintentional, of condescension and assertiveness. Nor is he a Zen disciple or a latter-day Transcendentalist, such as so often approach us these days with smiling superiority. Instead Morgan's religious feeling, as nearly as I can make out, is undifferentiated Protestantism of the gentler sort, though he has his dark side too and at times can write in the voice of the avenger. Mostly my impression is of a man settled in his faith, and happy in it. He is a poet who can write good-humoredly about almost anything, even cataclysm. "Blood pours from the wounded side," he writes, "and blood will drown the aching world," thus yoking Christ's love and man's brutality in one symbol that is more than a symbol: this blood is fact, a commonplace. Sometimes Morgan's willingness to account for cataclysm seems even complacent, at least to a reader whose religious orientation is different from his, until one sees that Morgan is working—and living—in an order of sensibility foreign to ours. Yet it is not unfamiliar. After all, the downfall of this world, soon or late, has been accepted as the inevitable and proper order of things by human beings of every time and place except our own. And I'm not sure that the evidence for it isn't perfectly clear in ours. Or rather, I am sure it is.

Morgan accepts it, and he accepts much else as well. He can even contemplate good-naturedly the thing that has been anathema to other poets since the beginning, *viz.* the termination of his own poetry. He writes ("The Question"):

If you were pure as you wish to be
would you write the poems you want—
the ones whose beauty dazzles you from
your innards?

Perhaps so, up to the point
where the balance subtly shifts
and you are purer than you knew you
wished.

The poems, then, may hesitate
almost as though unavailing
against a presence that is so simply there

and, finally, dissipate
within a large contentment
of knowing that their being has been
known.

Acceptance and quietness and something to think about, to reread and ponder—these are the properties of many of Morgan's poems of faith. And so are the simplicity and lucidity which he gives to a complex statement without compromising its poetic values.

But generalizations are dangerous. Best to settle for the generalization Morgan himself gives us in the title of his new book, *Poems of the Two Worlds* (to be published in 1977 by the University of Illinois Press). That is it: his poems are about this world and about—what shall we call it? The world of spirit, of ideal being, of the greater Self? Sometimes Morgan calls it simply the "world of the dead." In his poems it is all these and more, and above all it is present, it is here. Not that our ordinary world, the world of waking consciousness, is not present too. On the contrary, Morgan's poems are filled with episodes of good living, of love and lust, of pleasure in his environment, both natural and urban. I should say he is very much of a man-of-the world . . . in either world.

Frederick Morgan didn't become the

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writer he is by happenstance. It is a heartening story, what we can piece together from his poems and his public career as an editor. In 1948 Morgan was co-founder, with Joseph Bennett and William Arrowsmith, of *The Hudson Review*, and ever since he has been its principal editor. I won't say anything about the magazine because I am myself a member of the staff, though a late-comer and far removed from the center of operations. But it is interesting to note that all its founders, Morgan, Bennett and Arrowsmith, were recent graduates of Princeton in 1948, fresh from the classes of R.P. Blackmur and Allen Tate, steeped in the New Criticism and the neo-metaphysical mode of American writing in the '40s. Bennett and Arrowsmith quickly went on to distinguished careers as writers, critics and translators; but unlike them Morgan published almost nothing of his own, perhaps eight or 10 poems during 20 years, scattered in the quarterlies, and very rigid, mannered poems at that. Why was Morgan so reticent? I don't know for sure, but it isn't hard to guess some longstanding anxiety and blockage connected with writing. Then in 1970 he published his first book, *A Book of Change*, and it seemed a sudden flowering. What produced it? We know from reading the poems that many of them concern the death of his oldest child, the break-up of his family, then a lucky remarriage; suffering and recovery, in other words, the upheaval that occurs in many a private life. The poems were a search for personal values, some were simply outcries or prayers, and the best of them were written far more plainly and spontaneously than the fugitive pieces of earlier years.

Now five more years have passed, and we have *Poems of the Two Worlds*. We see that Morgan's rapid evolution has continued: the new poems are freer still, yet in another sense better controlled. They are freer in verbal technique, better controlled in structure. And they are happier, quieter, more assured, the qualities I've already spoken of. Traces of Morgan's older manner remain in some poems, and few are spoiled by artifice or archaic diction, but his best poems are direct, clear and moving.

These best are, I think, his legends. And this is where the better control of structure is apparent. Of course it isn't merely a question of structure, as if structure could be imposed on a poem; it can't. It is a question of the poem's primordial conceiving, so to speak, of the way a poet imagines the whole substance of his poem, quite apart from language. Morgan is good at seeing, in the narrative of simple episode, just the point at which its poetic value—the human and moral meaning—emerges. His best poems remind me of Edwin Muir's remarkable little mythic narratives, though otherwise the two poets are so different that I doubt a direct influence. But notice "When It Rained and Rained," "From a Forgotten Book," and "Legend," for example; notice the last sentence of the first of these: "Soon / the lights would go on." It is so simple, it falls so naturally into place, that we are likely to pass over it. But something nags us, we go back and read it again, perhaps two or three times, and then suddenly we see what it *really* means—a kind of esthetic double-take. At just that moment this meaning flows backward over the entire poem and elevates it immediately from a simple episode to a narrative of archetypal or mythic proportions. Morgan's term for one of his poems, *legend*, is the right term for many of them.

This is one way that poems work, and to my mind one of the best. Usually, however, Morgan's legends are more complex than this simple one. Look at section five of "Poems of the Two Worlds," the title-sequence from his new collection. It opens with two lines in French invoking Dahut, a witch-figure from the folklore of Brittany, who serves here as the avenger, scourging the "nonentities" who suffer from the "self's disease." Elsewhere in Morgan's poetry the avenger also appears in female guise, the "living bitch" of the poet's desire, the essential Kali. And what was her "show" that she put on "a quarter-century ago"? The war, I presume, but perhaps something more personal. And what is the secret which the poet may not speak in the final stanza? There is a flavor of gnosticism and the Kaballah here, evident in a few other poems as well. But then characteristically the poet withdraws, past the "still fisher" into the "shallows of a nearer dream," which I take to mean a withdrawal from esotericism and militancy into the simplicity of Christian love.

How far may one presume in following one's intuition about another's imaginative and emotional life? I don't know. I do detect in Morgan's poetry a (perhaps vestigial) conflict between simplicity and mystery. The other world is always present to him, yet in some sense it is always secret; hence the temptation of esotericism and all that it entails—medievalism, abstract interpretation, the shadow-play of words and numbers, etc. Sometimes the apparatus of religious insight solidifies into mere manner, such as archaic diction and fabular artifice, and then, as I've said already, his poems are spoiled. Yet perhaps this same instinct for hidden meanings is what permits Morgan to see the possibilities of simple statement. He writes:

I was released
as butterfly
from lip of the bright cup.

Why cup? Of course it means the cup of a flower, a tulip perhaps. But then at once the idea of cup reinforces itself, and we think of a container, dark on the inside and darker toward the bottom, yet still bright on the outside, whereupon the whole cup/flower image resonates, reverberates, with meanings, inferences, intuitions. A simple enough process, so simple that it happens instantaneously in the reader's consciousness, but it is the heart of legendry, and this miniscule legend of spiritual release is the model of Morgan's complex poetic adventures.

The amplitude of *Poems of the Two Worlds*, both thematic and modal, is so great that I can only suggest it here. I have said nothing, for instance, about the prose poems, the sequences of nature poems from the Maine coast, the translations and adaptations from Latin and Chinese poetry, the poems celebrating sexuality. In the little poem called "Shame" the poet says that he will sing to us of what shame—meaning all of us, miserable humanity—is really worth. Is it not worth everything, or close to everything? The two worlds and all their meanings subsist in the consciousness of mankind, at least as far as we can tell for sure. Frederick Morgan prompts us to know that consciousness more fully, in all its mysterious capacities, and then shows us how this can be done. It is a productive and brave accomplishment.

Hayden Carruth

Hayden Carruth is a poet and critic whose most recent book, *The Bloomingdale Papers* (Univ. of Georgia Press), was published last year.

Coming

Judge Charles Wyzanski
on
Frances Perkins

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Books Considered

Sartre on Theater ed. by Michel Contat and Michel Rybalka

(Pantheon; $10)

"I first landed in a pretty queer place, the camp's aristocracy, the infirmary . . . I was ejected from the infirmary by intrigues, and trying to avoid work on the land, for which, until further notice, I have little talent, I reached the inoffensive circle of the players . . ." So, as recorded in a letter to Simone de Beauvoir dated December 1940 and sent from his prisoner of war camp in Trier, Sartre discovered the stage. It was a momentous and exhilarating experience. "And you should know," he goes on, "that I am writing my first serious play and am putting all of me into it . . . please believe that I *most undoubtedly* have talent as a dramatist." For a quarter of a century, between the Stalag staging of the flamboyant *Bariona, or the Son of Thunder* and the sober 1964 adaptation of Euripides' *The Trojan Women*, Sartre was to prove this was no prisoner's pipe-dream. Talent he had a-plenty.

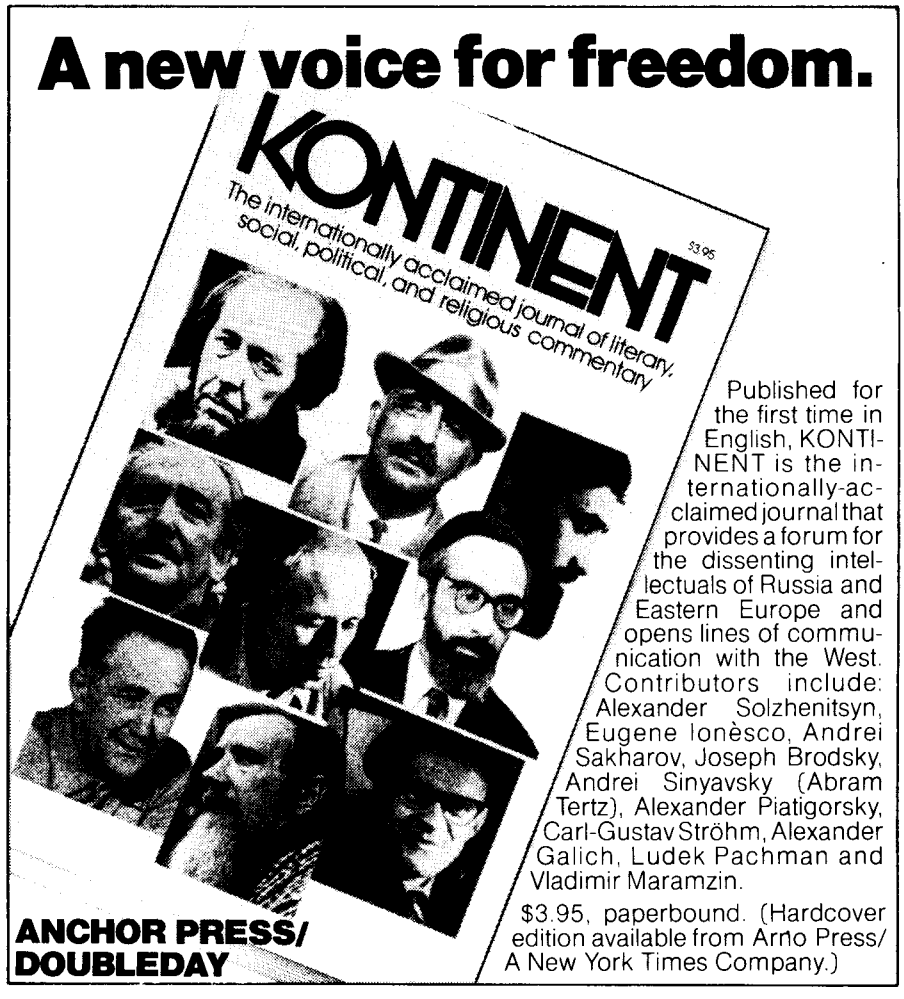
Sartre would not be Sartre had he been content, dealing with theater, to write plays. He needs to scrutinize every facet of his activity and situate it in the ever-widening context of his philosophical and sociopolitical investigations. The stage has furnished some of his better-known metaphors: the waiter as actor example that leads into his discussion of role gesture and bad conscience in *Being and Nothingness*, for instance. Curiously, the obverse doesn't occur. Sartre seems to have devised no theory of drama. Inescapably, though, he was called upon in prefaces, lectures or interviews to comment upon his plays or on his view of the contemporary stage.

Contat and Rybalka have done Sartre and ourselves a signal service by bringing together in *Sartre on Theater* almost all these widely scattered pieces. Those not included, largely to avoid repetitiousness, are listed in the bibliography. Unobtrusively the editors provide all the references needed by readers who are not *ipso facto* as familiar as Sartre with the cultural events in Paris, France. For all his eagerness to communicate, Sartre is immersed in his own intellectual *milieu* and refers back to it abundantly and casually. His manifesto, *What is literature*, is a case in point. To an outsider whose schooling was not acquired in a *lycée* it presents a kind of cultural shorthand. This tendency is less apparent in Sartre's writings on theater; nonetheless, one welcomes the quiet, meticulous documentation that accompanies them. Sartre has been singularly lucky in his editors, as indeed in his translator, Frank Jellenek. The volume is a model of what real, dedicated scholarship should be.

The variety of the texts collected makes for lively reading. They range from the jubilant letter to Simone de Beauvoir quoted above to intricate reflections on the actor excerpted from Sartre's last major work to date, his *Flaubert*, spanning a third of a century. They fall into two groups, general discussions on drama that comprise a little over half the volume and comments on specific Sartre plays.

The simplicity and directness with which Sartre deals with his own plays may come as a surprise to readers nurtured on the abstruse definitions and developments of the great philosophical treatises. There is a disarming strand of naïveté in Sartre's engagement with the stage. Though in the Flaubert essay he puts us through some of his "tourniquets," as he calls them (verbal sleights of hand), concerning drama as "derealization," the characters and situations in his plays as he discusses them clearly appear to him in their flesh and blood "real-ness." And he knows just what he wants them to "re-present." Sartre, in regard to his plays, speaks in the direct language of authorial intention, audience identification with characters, and the vagaries of audience response.

The climactic text in the first group, for this reader at least, is the transcript from tape of the extraordinary non-stop lecture on "Epic theater and dramatic theater" that Sartre delivered in 1960 to the Paris Students' Drama Association. Sartre is always a dynamic impromptu, and part of the fascination of the present volume is that a large part of it is made up of interviews. Regardless of the views put forth, this 42-page speech is a fascinating document in itself, the model of a new dramatic genre. With its breaks—when the tape is inaudible or has to be changed—and punctuations by student laughter, it swings on gathering momentum as it goes, as Sartre free-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wheels happily through words and piles of ideas, meanwhile obviously playing up to his audience's response, associating, ad-libbing but eventually circling right back to the point he is making. As in no other text of Sartre, this lecture captures somehow the essence of his personality: Sartre the dazzling performer with words. One remembers an incident in 1968 when a concerned student approached Sartre at a podium and handed him a note: "Sartre be brief."

For the theater lover and the student of theater, which one would hope are the same, the book presents in sweeping perspective Sartre's point of view on various contemporary attitudes toward theater. They show a quite marked consistency. Sartre's ideas concerning theater were shaped in part by one of the four outstanding directors of the interwar years, Dullin, and he did not modify them greatly. The great interlocutor and antagonist for him is Brecht, whom he admires as the representative of the "epic theater" to which Sartre clearly prefers his own "dramatic" theater; and though secondary, Beckett, whom he admires in spite of himself. Sartre's judgments are, as one would expect, fashioned in great part by his sociopolitical evolution. But as one would expect too, they are always stimulating. Sartre, to be sure, is unremittingly didactic. For him the playwright *teaches*. This may well define his own limits, however wide-ranging his dramaturgy.

Of his plays, only *No Exit* today is still successively staged by drama groups, mostly university; or *The Respectful Prostitute*. The renaissance hopefully adumbrated by his editors has not materialized. His other plays belong to literature rather than the stage. But this volume will no doubt become a classic. Modestly, the editors speak of it as a manual. It is a good deal more than that. Sartre comes alive in it in that area of his many-faceted career he seems most to have enjoyed, a more human, more accessible Sartre than is often depicted; and although he detests the word "humanistic," a man nonetheless wedded to the long humanistic tradition of Western theater.

Germaine Brée

Germaine Brée is Kenan Professor of humanities at Wake Forest University.

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The Very Rich Hours Of Adrienne Monnier ed. by Richard McDougall

(Scribner's; $10)

The artistic climate of Paris between the two World Wars, a melting pot for writers searching for new forms in a society in transition, continues to hold a special fascination for those of us interested in tracing the origins and energies of much that has proved to be enduring in 20th century literature. Whether we have read about it in Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*, in Edmund Wilson's *The Twenties*, in Richard Ellmann's superb biography of James Joyce, or recognize its seductive ambiance in the revolutionary fervor of Breton's *Manifestoes of Surrealism*, in the passionate commitment to life of *The Diaries of Anaïs Nin*, or in the novels of Henry Miller (a triumph of hope over experience), Paris, as Gertrude Stein liked to say, "was where the 20th century was." In less exciting times, though fashionable centers for the avant-garde have shifted from Rome to London to New York, one still looks back to the Paris of the '20s and '30s as toward some Periclean Athens, a focal point for a modernism so rich in experimentation that almost 50 years later we have yet to assimilate its full artistic implications and understand all of its literary potential.

The story has been told many times before: much of the fertile activity of this crucial period in the development of the literary imagination of our times was focused in and around the Latin Quarter. Adrienne Monnier, whose father always dreamed of being a bookseller on the Left Bank, arrived in Paris from her native Savoy "ready to assist the new truths and forms." Cyril Connolly called her one of the two "bilingual sirens" (the other was Baltimore-bred Sylvia Beach) haunting the Rue de l'Odeon, graciously serving as go-between for the new writers and "a public whose taste it is easy to form." Transforming the premises formerly occupied by antique dealers specializing in Norman *armoires* into La Maison des Amis des Livres, Monnier founded a new bookstore concerned "less for writers who *had* written," as Archibald MacLeish noticed, "than for those who might." When the shop opened its doors in the midst of war in 1915, those who might still "make it new" found an enchanting literary environment "in a

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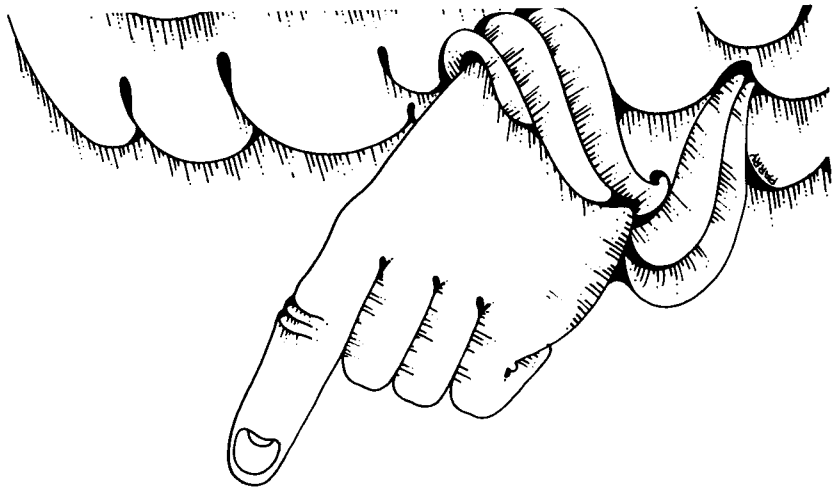
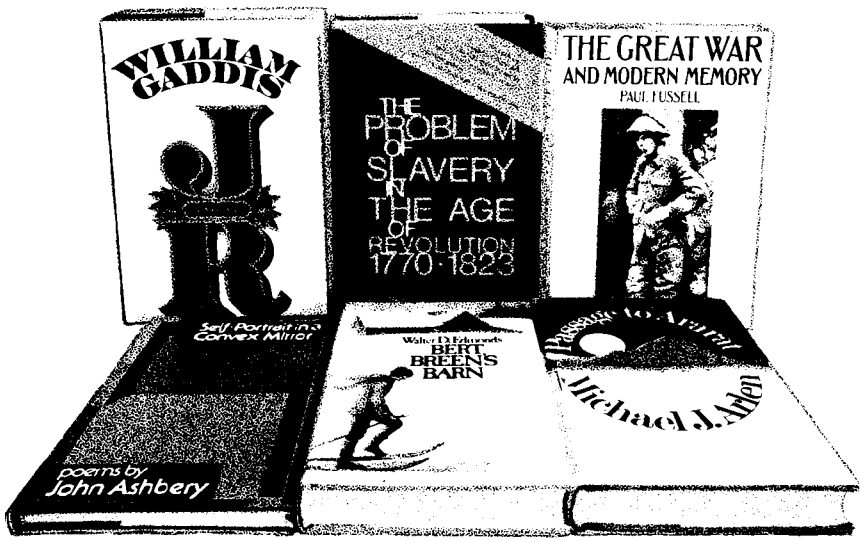
time of destruction." The parade had begun: T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Valéry, Apollinaire, Léon-Paul Fargue, Joyce, William Carlos Williams, Cocteau, Henri Michaux, Claudel, Jules Romains, André Gide, Aragon, Philippe Soupault, Breton, Tristan Tzara, Hemingway, Beckett. The list of names (by no means complete) reads like a short catalogue for some modern masters series, a tribute to this true friend of books who found "real lyricism" in selling and lending them, who made the word proprietor synonymous with patron.

"A bookseller, in many respects, is a shopkeeper like any other," we read in this fresh collection of Monnier's work edited and rendered into English for the first time by Richard McDougall. The undertaking is an important one, for this selection of material and the excellent notes and introduction supporting the text present a sympathetic view of Monnier correcting the distorted portrait that has come down to us from Williams' *In the American Grain*. It also restores Paris to the French, making us realize that the American colony in Monnier's "Odéonia" was only one segment of an international movement in the arts. In fact, it was Monnier herself (collaborating on a French translation of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") who was largely responsible for the cordial reception the new work of Americans abroad received on the Continent, a service she performed with equal diligence for the Irish and the British. She helped her friend and longtime roommate Sylvia Beach locate Shakespeare and Company across the street from her own shop: while number eight brought Joyce to life in English, number 12 drew upon the talents of Stuart Gilbert, Alfred Péron, Beckett and Monnier herself to give him a second voice in French.

Monnier, then, was no ordinary bookseller. Few shopkeepers would have the vision to found and edit two periodicals offering opportunities for the as-yet-undiscovered (St. Exupéry and Pasternak fell into this category), to compile a bibliography of all material in foreign languages pertaining to France, to write a steady stream of essays and reflections for the little magazines of Paris. Living, as she says, more with books than with people, Monnier sold her valuable collection of signed first-editions in order to keep one of her short-lived journals in the black. Later she was to sell the rights for *Ulysses* to Random House, simply because she needed money to keep her shop going.



Out of the many, only 6 have been chosen.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Diderot, she probably reflected, declared that not one of the booksellers of his time had an extra suit of clothes. Besides, by 1936 the attention she lavished on Joyce was now needed to nurture other spirits: "Do not trust only in history, do not trust only in classics. It is the present that has need of you. The past made you, it is true, but it is the present that makes your future."

Yet *The Very Rich Hours of Adrienne Monnier* is something more than a mere date-book of what she did in the service of others. Like Beach's own memoir, *Shakespeare and Company*, this collection of material presents us with the work of an energetic writer with an almost magic charm. Whether attending a performance of Shakespeare, of Barrault, of *Godot*, or Josephine Baker, her reactions to the sights and sounds of Paris and to the personalities who made it all possible stand as special cultural events of their own: Cocteau ("Personally, he gives me a migraine"), Williams ("the best *man of letters* in the US"), Beckett ("he appeared to us like a new Stephen Dedalus—the Stephen of the 'Proteus' episode, who walked alone on the seashore"). The selections from her "Occupational Journal" are a revelation, documenting not the romanticism of resistance, but the weekly triumph over the Nazis for a piece of butter. There was dignity of a higher order, too: hiding Arthur Koestler in her apartment and helping Sylvia save her library and manuscripts from the rapacious Gestapo.

War, which gave life to Odéonia, also ushered in the twilight years. Monnier's "house" never regained the literary momentum it had before the Nazi hordes overwhelmed Paris. Yet in these years Monnier wrote some of her most reflective pieces, preserving the modern spirit at a time when every vestige of humanism seemed impossible. Hemingway, armed with his own patrol and his own machismo, arrived to liberate the Rue de l'Odéon in a jeep, no doubt a bit surprised to see that "the two girls" had come through so well without him. Eliot, too, was to make one last great visitation. Young writers continued the tradition of pilgrimage, but they were now joined by anxious graduate students seeking data instead of inspiration. Paris was yesterday. What remains of Paris in this new book is the remarkable record of the "art of living, of knowing how to live" that transformed La Maison des Amis des Livres into a "still point of the turning world" and turned Adrienne Monnier into a most persuasive chronicler of the era she helped to make almost mythic.

Enoch Brater

Enoch Brater teaches modern drama at the University of Michigan and is author most recently of a new study on Beckett.

Pennsylvania Gazette
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C.G. Jung: The Haunted Prophet by Paul J. Stern

(George Braziller; $8.95)

C.G. Jung: Letters, Vol. 2 ed. by Gerhard Adler and Aniela Jaffé

(Princeton Univ. Press; $20)

He was a big man. . . . Physically he seemed to match the scale of his spirit, and to give out an air of . . . great well-being. . . . His eyes . . . were larger than they appeared in photographs, and exceedingly alert, quick, shrewd, utterly without solemnity, full of spirit and bright, and somewhat puckish with humour and fun. . . . [showing] a twinkle of mischief in an acute glance and an almost Mona Lisa *smile of the inspired irony native to living wisdom. . . . That laugh of his was. . . . both Olympian and intensely human at the same time. It came out of that big man sheer and immediate, with no inhibition at all between the impulse to laugh and the laughter itself.*

His squat body. . . . his brisk but graceless movements, his pseudojovial bearing. . . . [and his] sharp cunning eyes in a face [with a] firm, almost obstinate set seemed to reflect an undercurrent of rage. . . . He attempted to hide his social clumsiness behind a pose of nonchalance that reeked of affectation. The booming guffaws that became his trademark were part of this act; so was the sarcasm he poured upon the just and the unjust alike. His suppressed rage was vented, deviously, in the underhandedness of the practical joker. . . . He was . . . caustic, mocking everyone—from his mother, who as long as she lived was the regular butt of his jokes at Sunday dinner, to his former chief Eugen Bleuler.

One might suppose that these two heartfelt descriptions could only refer to two men of radically different physical and psychological types—the one "big," open, natural, outgoing, sunny, the other "squat," closed, affected, bitter, vicious—who, if they were ever to meet, would have an instant and lasting aversion for one another. In fact, the first quotation is Laurens van der Post on C.G. Jung; and the second is Paul J. Stern on . . . C.G. Jung. If one of the marks of a great man is a capacity to elicit extreme responses—extreme in themselves and extreme in their opposition to one another—then Jung was a very great man indeed; nor has his greatness diminished since his death (in 1961), for the responses continue hot and heavy (especially in 1975, the centenary of Jung's birth: the only thing that can be said for Stern's discretion is that he did not publish his creed in that year of eulogies), and each new response seems to be more extreme than the previous one. Though I doubt that anything yet to come will surpass van der Post on the one hand or Stern on the other.

Jung always said that wholeness (which is presumably what a biography aims at capturing: the wholeness of a particular life) is a *complexio* (or *unio*) *oppositorum*—a union of opposites—and it might therefore be imagined that these two violently opposed views of the one life, if thrown together into a *complexio*, would render up a full and living *unio*: "the experience of the self," as Jung calls it, realized in a convincing, twofold biography of that experience. Anyone who imagines this, however, might as well expect to turn two showerheads on himself at the same time—one of boiling hot water, the other freezing cold—and think that he will have a comfortable time of it. While the self may be made up of opposites, the balance that signifies wholeness must be struck from within, not from without. It won't do to try to make one Jung out of these two biographies: one van der Post plus Stern just does not add up to one Jung—not in any sense. What we get from these two books is of course not

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Jung but van der Post and Stern—their very different needs projected on to cartoon figures that, according to other kinds of evidence (and more reliable evidence), have little enough to do with Jung. Stern, like van der Post, brings his peculiar and distorted/distorting mirror to Jung's life, holds it up and out to the reader, and implies that in it he will see Jung's true face—the face beneath the faces; what the reader sees, however, is the distortion of the glass, the twist of the author's psychology. The image in that mirror is not Jung's image, it is the image of Paul Stern, or in the other case, the image of Laurens van der Post. The psychological phenomenon that produces such books as these is of considerably greater interest than the books themselves.

I have already expressed my opinion of van der Post's biography in these columns (Dec. 6, 1975); I'll be brief about what the blurb calls "this fascinating and unorthodox book" by Paul Stern. *C.G. Jung: The Haunted Prophet* seems to me frankly a very bad book, scurrilous, ill-bred and unscrupulous, a book not to be recommended in any way. According to the dust-jacket, Stern is a psychotherapist, which is not hard to believe: his book represents the worst sort of trifling in that mongrel science and mode called "psycho-history." There is far too much here of the analyst who knows all—who is, in effect, God—but this is the way of psycho-history when in irresponsible hands: Create a straw man, then analyze your creation back to straw and dung. Stern analyzes Jung's character and his motives, and he second-guesses Jung's reported analyses (especially his self-analysis), but as Stern is really the "onlie begetter" of the analyzed personality, he intends himself to remain invulnerable to second-guessing. Such is the cunning of psycho-history, which leaves neither history nor the analyzed psyche any recourse if the analyst is unscrupulous. It is analysis practiced at a distance without any necessary responsibility to either the facts or the patient because the facts are assumed to need psychological "interpretation," and the patient, to put it simply, is dead. *The Haunted Prophet* leaves the reader with a bad taste in his mouth and with the vague feeling that he has participated in something unclean.

"I dislike biography because it is seldom true." Jung's instinct, to judge by recent performances, was right, but it hasn't prevented him falling foul of biographers; for many reasons it is a relief to turn from van der Post's Jung and Stern's Jung to Jung's Jung—from distorted images reflected by other men's mirrors to those epiphanies called letters which reflect a man's whole being at the moment of writing. (J.H. Newman, after complaining about the distortions of the ordinary exterior biography: "Letters I don't mind, for they are facts, and belong, for good or bad, to the personality of the writer of them.") Jung's *Letters* (this second volume covers the decade from 1951 to 1961) are extraordinarily valuable in this regard, for more than almost any other letter-writer, Jung seems totally "there" in each letter. Whether writing a disquisition on an obscure point of theology to Father Victor White or advice to an anonymous correspondent who wondered whether she should commit suicide—or another who asked if he should abandon the world and take up the mystic's life—Jung commits himself entirely to the question and to the moment. There is almost never any sense of writing off the top of the head in Jung's letters, but instead a total commitment of feeling and thought to each of these momentary images which are in the process of becoming a single, grand image: the image of C.G. Jung.

I don't mean to say that there is any absolute consistency here—consistency was no bogey of Jung's mind. It is possible to find in these letters some justification for Stern's view of Jung (some rather heavy-handed sarcasm, for example) and some for van der Post's view of Jung (a deeply moving letter to Erich Neumann after Emma Jung's death, for example), but the figure that slowly and imperceptibly emerges from the two volumes of letters is richer, more complex, and (this most of all) more *real* than the jovial god-man or the wretched psychopath offered us by the two exterior biographies. (The single common denominator that I can discover is that Jung seems to have been like a force of nature to everyone, himself included—a force that was beneficent, maleficent, or a *complexio* as the case might be.)

His psychology, as Jung often remarked, was simply an abstraction from his own life, a conceptualizing and generalizing from his biography. In one of these letters he declares himself to be "an empiricist who describes the progress of his experiences." Jung's autobi-

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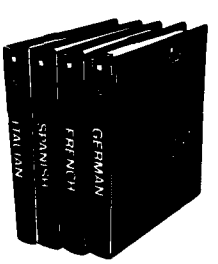

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ography (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*) records the progress of his experience after the fact, the *Letters* record the same progress moment to moment as the experiences unfold. In both instances we are offered the life that produced the psychology—the subjective experience that led to the objective science (as Jung considered it to be)—and throughout the letters (again, as in the autobiography) we hear explanations of the psychology while simultaneously observing the personality behind the expression, the consciousness behind the language. We are all familiar with the epistolary novel; the present volumes seem to me an example of another genre—the epistolary biography—at its very best. I shall not quote from individual letters (it would be fatally easy to do, and at length) because readers should allow the story to tell itself in its entirety and in its proper order; I shall instead content myself with recommending the *Letters* very highly. Anybody who would know Jung—both his personality and his ideas, his biography and his psychology—should go to these letters and to the autobiography: they tell a single (but complex) story, and it is the same story, translated into another language, that we find in the 18 volumes of *Collected Works*—those volumes that form the theoretical basis of Analytical Psychology. The *Letters*, I should say, are an ideal introduction to the *Works*.

A final word about the books themselves: These two volumes are extraordinarily handsome, and the editorial work (by Gerhard Adler, in collaboration with Aniela Jaffé) is superb. If Jung is accessible to his readers in English, a large measure of credit should go to the Bollingen Foundation and its publishers for the impeccable presentation of the Bollingen Series (including the *Collected Works* and the *Letters*) and the excellent translation they have had from R.F.C. Hull. Jung is not easy reading—not even in the *Letters*—but what he has to say is of great importance, and everything possible has been done by the editors, short of simplifying Jung's ideas, to smooth the way for the reader. Students of Jung can safely disregard the two biographies; the *Letters* are indispensable and a beautiful production.

James Olney

James Olney is professor of English at North Carolina Central University. His most recent book is a forthcoming study of Yeats and Jung.

Correspondence

Gunsmoke

To the editors:

Allen Weinstein seems unduly eager to exonerate the FBI of any "conspiratorial" actions in the Hiss case ("The Hiss and Rosenberg Files," *TNR*, Feb. 14). On the basis of an admittedly incomplete reading of the 15,000 pages of Hiss case files recently released by the FBI, Weinstein dismisses the possibility of a conspiracy to frame Hiss on the part of the FBI or others in government.

As a scholar of the Cold War period and the plaintiff in a similar Freedom of Information Act suit against the FBI for Hiss case files, I am much less ready than Weinstein to find the FBI guilty, at the most, of bumbling incompetence. Having pored over a good part of the Hiss case files at the J. Edgar Hoover Building (watched every minute and even accompanied to the bathroom by an agent), I have come across major discrepancies in Whittaker Chambers' story and evidence that the FBI may have made use of an informer on Hiss' defense staff to learn of "defense tactics" in the case.

One point will suffice to demonstrate that the files Weinstein cites as having "verified a great deal of Chambers' testimony" in fact impeach his credibility. The FBI did find a photographer named William Edward Crane, whom Chambers had called "Keith." His admission that he had met the elusive Col. Bykov, Chambers' alleged spymaster, so initially impressed the FBI that it predicted Crane "will undoubtedly be a valuable witness in the case against Alger Hiss." Then why didn't Crane give needed corroborative testimony at the Hiss trials? Because he subsequently told the FBI that Chambers had listed to him as actual or possible espionage sources in the State Department both Dean Acheson and Adolf Berle, the latter the official to whom Chambers "confessed" in 1939.

Another FBI document, which Weinstein does not cite, casts further doubt on Chambers' credibility. A Columbia University classmate of his, Herbert Solow, told the FBI in 1949 that Chambers had revealed himself as an espionage agent in February 1938, fearing that he would be exposed to a federal grand jury then investigating a Soviet-sponsored passport fraud ring in New York. Solow, at that time, was a well-known journalist specializing in exposés of Soviet espionage. It seems hardly conceivable that Chambers would reveal his activities to a journalist while continuing for more than a month as an active espionage courier. Interestingly, Solow's writings during 1938 and 1939 (Chambers first told his story to Berle in September 1939) contain many of the incidents and names Chambers listed to Berle, and Solow told the FBI that Hiss was among those Chambers listed to him as members of the Communist underground.

It is premature to assert that there are no traces of a "smoking gun" in the FBI files on the Hiss case. The FBI is resisting mightily the release of more than a thousand pages; it is wise to wait for the courts to examine this material *in camera*, as the Freedom of Information Act provides. And it is also wise to avoid labeling as "partisans" those who are not yet willing to affirm the verdict in the Hiss case. There are enough whiffs of gunsmoke in the FBI files already released to justify withholding judgment until all the files have been released.

Peter H. Irons
Somerville, Massachusetts

In reply:

Peter Irons sent an earlier version of this letter to the *New York Times* "Week in Review" after an article of mine appeared there on February 1, and only minor differences exist between the two: the *Times* letter, for example, commended me for "tenacity in fighting the obstinate Bureau for more than three years." Apparently Irons, on reflection, finds that praise excessive. His claim, however, that my article in *The New Republic* expressed "certitude" about the Hiss case is absurd on its face; readers know better. The article's major point, after all, was to challenge those like Irons who regularly smell "whiffs of gunsmoke" in the FBI files, with or without proof.

It might assist readers in judging whether Irons' "unbiased" reading of the files has condemned me properly if I mentioned several facts that he omits from his letter:

1) Irons is not merely a "plaintiff in a similar Freedom of Information Act suit against the FBI for Hiss case files." He is a co-plaintiff with Alger Hiss and two others in a suit coordinated by lawyers for Hiss. The four men, including Hiss, have already raised the charge of

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possible FBI conspiracy during at least one well-publicized press conference held long before release of the FBI files.

2) On the matter of Herbert Solow, I refer Irons to my forthcoming book in which I describe at length Solow's extremely close association with Chambers throughout the period immediately following the latter's break with Communist espionage. Solow's letters from Chambers during the 1938-39 period—and Solow's other personal papers, to which I have had access—sketch out *some* of Chambers' underground work. They confirm *precisely* the fact that Chambers broke with the Communist party in mid-April 1938, as he later testified. Solow, himself, affirms in these documents from the time that Chambers did exactly what Irons claims was impossible: he returned to his work as a Communist courier after visiting Solow in February 1938. Along with other previously-unavailable sources from the same period, none of which Irons has seen (except for some of the FBI files that he chooses not to cite), the new material explodes one of the favored conspiracy theories of Hiss partisans: namely that Chambers broke with the party months before April 1938 and, therefore, could not have collected the final batch of documents from Hiss. Irons correctly states that Chambers named Hiss first as a Soviet agent to Adolph Berle in 1939, not to Solow the previous year. This was also true, however, with at least a dozen others whom Chambers named in his more comprehensive testimony to Berle but not during his periodic meetings with Solow in 1938. Solow's files confirm all this, but it might interest Irons to learn that in letters to Solow and other friends Chambers did describe his December 1938 Christmas visit to the Hisses.

3) Turning now to William Edward Crane, Irons distorts the statement by Crane to which he refers. One hallmark of "good" historians—and lawyers—is an ability to quote documentary evidence correctly and intelligently. Yet Irons' version of Crane's testimony tells us something quite different from Crane's actual statement to the FBI, which reads as follows: "Early in the interview, CRANE volunteered that he recalled having heard the names ALGER HISS, [LAWRENCE] DUGGAN, DEAN ACHESON, ADOLPH BERLE, AND [HARRY DEXTER] WHITE in a conversation [with] Chambers concerning the younger set of the State Department. *He stated that he could recall no details concerning this conversation, but that he did retain the impression that material was to be expected from some [sic] of these people.* [author's ital.] In late-1948, Chambers turned over documents allegedly given to him by Hiss and Harry Dexter White. He [Crane] said he thought DUGGAN may have been mentioned as a possible source [Duggan confessed to the FBI in 1948 that, during the late-1930s, he had been approached twice to deliver documents by Soviet agents, once by Alger Hiss's close friend, Henry Collins]."

Somehow Irons also neglects to mention *another* highly quotable Crane comment, made during one of his FBI interviews: "Crane recalled that he worked with Chambers in New York, Washington, and Baltimore, but only recalls doing photographic work in New York and Baltimore. He recalled on one occasion in Baltimore that he photographed Treasury Department and State Department documents every night for a week straight. He did not know the original source of these documents, and stated he has no recollection of ever having met Alger Hiss." Here, of course, is the real reason that Crane was not summoned to testify at Hiss' trial: he did not know the man as Chambers did.

It remains to be seen whether the next set of arrows aimed by Hiss partisans (and why be ashamed of the term?) proves to be more accurate and damaging. Not surprisingly, Irons chose to disregard most of the major points made in both my *Times* "Week in Review" and *The New Republic* articles about the impact of the new evidence from FBI files upon the predominant conspiracy theories of the Hiss case. I would be more impressed perhaps by his belief that I had been taken in by the FBI files already released if I had not been suing the Bureau and battling their restrictions for a much longer period than Irons and other Hiss partisans. My attorney, John Shattuck of the ACLU, will resume this effort shortly when he returns to federal court to insist upon immediate release of the remaining *un*released files. Should these records reveal FBI complicity in attempting to frame Alger Hiss, I will have no special anxiety about exposing these facts of the sort Irons has displayed in coping with examples of FBI ineptness—but not malevolence—that I have uncovered up to this point.

I was trained to believe that "good" scholars, at the very least, question all theories of an historical event until

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adequate evidence can sustain their interpretations. My own initial research tended to support many of Alger Hiss' claims, but I have had the uncomfortable experience in the past few years of seeing new evidence undermine many of my own previous assumptions. If, however, the purpose of serious historical research is analytic and not celebratory—if it aims at achieving a clearer understanding of the past and not necessarily upholding the claims of a specific historical figure—then Irons and I may be practicing different trades. In fact, I have little doubt (on the basis of his letter) that the "whiffs of gunsmoke" he has already found will lead him in time to that evidentiary weapon that he and Alger Hiss so diligently seek.

Allen Weinstein

Sticks and Stones

To the editors:
As an American of Polish heritage and justifiably proud of it I was taken aback by your editorial "Sticks and Stones" (April 24). I take issue with *TNR*'s ethnic slur: ". . . Poles and Slovaks and Ukrainians live cheek by jowl." Hogs, sir, live cheek by jowl, not Eastern Europeans.

David Byers
Oakland, California

To the editors:
Full of high dudgeon and extravagant language, your editorial comment of April 24 damns Jimmy Carter for what you take to be Nazi-like racism. It is a comment that deeply disturbs us.

One of us is black, the other white. One teaches the sociology of race relations, the other Southern history. Both of us grew up in the South where we learned not just the rhetoric but also the reality of racism. Both of us served in the Southern civil rights movement—a movement based on the belief that people can change, that tried to teach Southerners (and Americans, too) about the meaning of community (the beloved community, as John Lewis called it).

Massive resistance made George Wallace. The civil rights movement shaped Jimmy Carter. He understands what the movement was about (now, if not before). He is a Southern politician who reaches out to touch and to understand and to represent black and white alike. That is no small achievement.

Chuck Morgan's now-famous remark that Eastern liberals oppose the Southerner Carter because they don't have their hooks in him may not be the whole truth, but it made concrete a vague, growing unease and sense of betrayal. We wish that you had shared, rather than enlarged, that disquiet.

Vivian V. Gordon
Paul M. Gaston
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:
You suggest in "Sticks and Stones" that Rep. Andrew Young owes "us" Northern liberals something further in the way of explanation for his continued support of Jimmy Carter, something beyond the fact that from close personal observation he, Young, is convinced that Carter is not a racist.

Northern liberals who live in white suburbs, send their children to private schools and suffer from sectional bias are less qualified to pass judgement on Mr. Carter. You appear to be annoyed because some blacks choose to trust Jimmy Carter. You might add that, at least in the case of Mr. Young, his trust was gained from experience.

Herb S. Crumb
Norwich, New York

To the editors:
What Gov. Carter said regarding housing integration, read in its entirety, does *not* constitute "grotesque evidence" that he is "far less decent than the South whose best son he purports to be." Had Carter denied that he had used the expression "ethnic purity," that would be something else. But he did not. Had Carter, realizing the error of his way, refused to apologize, that, too would be something else. But he did not. He *has* apologized.

Now it is time for *The New Republic* to apologize for its silly editorial. You claim that "no amount of apologizing or backtracking will obscure the fact that (Carter) was capable of language more reminiscent of European racism than American. . . ."

There is not an adult American alive, including the editors of your distinguished journal, who has not used language that, in isolation, provides "grotesque evidence" of insensitivity or stupid preconceptions or prejudice. Most of us are not proud of this fact. In measuring the words of candidates for public office, a line cannot be drawn between those who *are* "capable" of using such language and those who *are not*.

The line that thinking persons will draw between the candidates who seek to lead this country will not be based on what one or another of them is "capable" of saying. Mr. Ford and Mr. Reagan have made no mention of "ethnic purity," but their records and their rhetoric suggest that they are not disposed to do much about the racial problems that face this nation. In contrast, most of the Democratic candidates—including Gov. Carter—offer the promise of progress.

Donald T. Wolfe
Baltimore, Maryland

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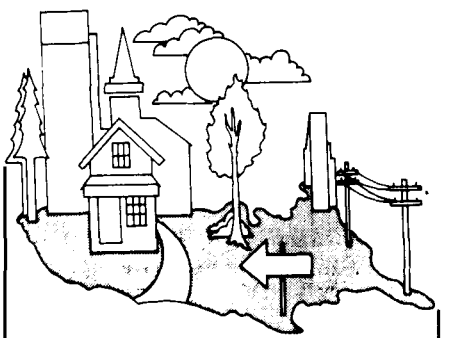

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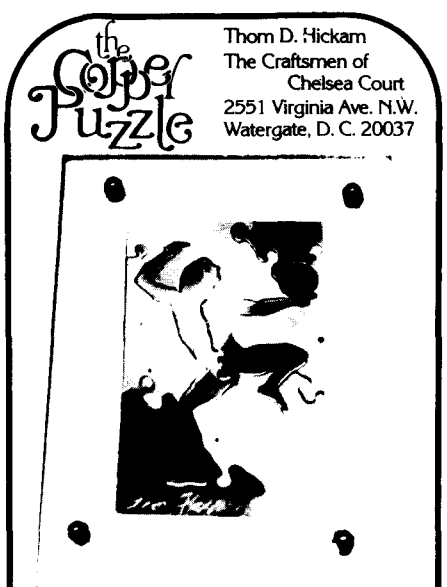

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